July 6, 1963

# THE NEW YORKER

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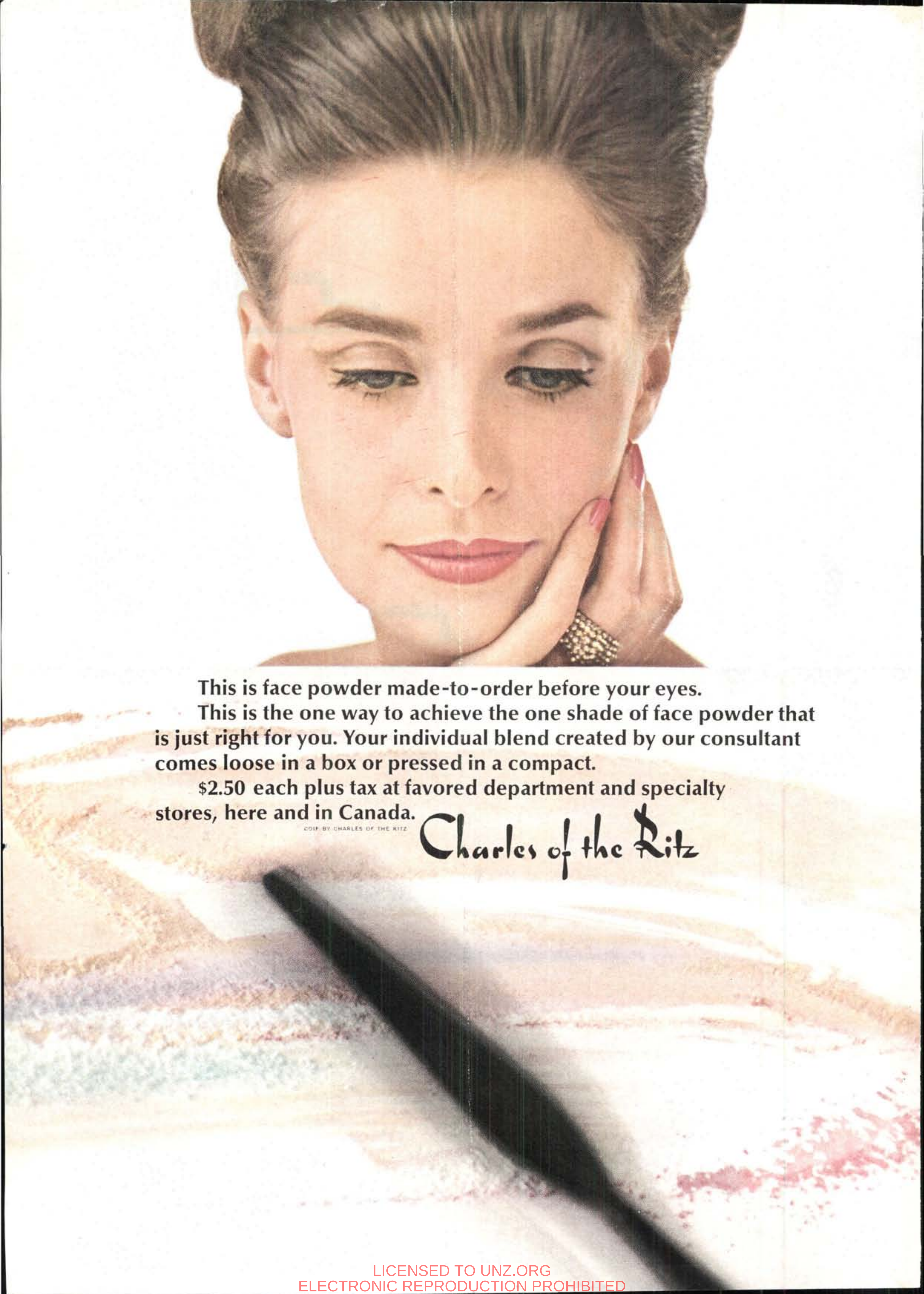
AMUSEMENTS



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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

## THE THEATRE

(This week, some theatres, as indicated below, have rearranged their schedules because of the Fourth of July. There may be further changes, so it would be wise to check with the newspapers before making plans.... ¶ E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

### PLAYS

**Beyond the Fringe**—Various aspects of modern life drolly and acutely surveyed by a quartet of Englishmen—Dr. Jonathan Miller, Alan Bennett, Dudley Moore, and Peter Cook—who are just about the funniest men around. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 3; special matinée Thursday, July 4, at 3.)

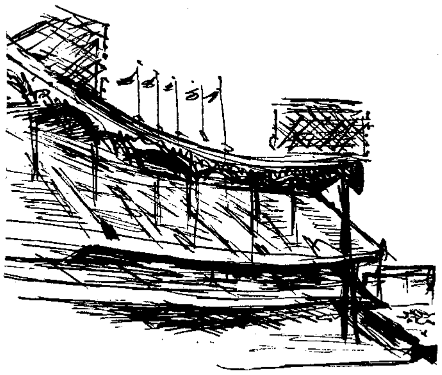
**Dear Me, the Sky Is Falling**—A comedy by Leonard Spigelgass about a Jewish matron who keeps poking her nose into other people's affairs until a psychoanalyst persuades her to desist. Gertrude Berg is engaging as the matron, and Howard Da Silva, Jill Kraft, Tresa Hughes, and the others in the cast give her a lot of assistance. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thursday, July 4, at 2:30.)

**Enter Laughing**—This funny show by Joseph Stein, who adapted his play from a novel by Carl Reiner, concerns itself mostly with the adventures of a Jewish boy who wants to escape a machine shop and become an actor, despite his parents' determination to make a druggist out of him. Alan Arkin is very comical as the youth in question, and Alan Mowbray, Vivian Blaine, Irving Jacobson, Sylvia Sidney, Meg Myles, and Michael J. Pollard contribute further gaiety to the affair. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursday, July 4, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thursday, July 4, at 2:30.)

**Never Too Late**—A jolly comedy by Sumner Arthur Long that has to do with a man in his sixties who learns to his dismay that he is about to become a father again. (His other child is now a married woman.) Paul Ford is delightful as this disturbed character, and Orson Bean, Maureen O'Sullivan, and Fran Sharon, portraying his son-in-law, wife, and daughter, are all excellent. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

**Rattle of a Simple Man**—A lovable and antic prostitute tries to establish virile confidence in a shy, middle-aged millworker in this three-character drama by the English playwright Charles Dyer. The grounds are familiar and the play is too long, but the dialogue rings true, and the direction, by Donald McWhinnie, is alert. Tammy Grimes and Edward Woodward are attractive as the featured players. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thursday, July 4, at 2:30.)

**Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?**—A quartet of unseemly characters have been assembled by Edward Albee to represent some denizens of a New England college. Everybody is soused most of the time, and the language is no contribution to the art of conversation. However, Mr. Albee now and then comes up with a galvanic scene. The cast at the evening performances consists of Uta Hagen, Arthur Hill, Ben Piazza, and Rochelle Oliver; for the matinées it is Elaine Stritch, Shepperd Strudwick, Bill Berger, and Eileen Fulton. Nancy Kelly will substitute for Miss Hagen for eight weeks starting Monday, July 8, and Donald Davis will succeed Mr. Strudwick on Wednesday, July 10. (Billy Rose, 41st St., W. WI 7-5510. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Thursday, July 4.)



## A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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**Long Runs**—**MARY, MARY:** An estranged couple making their way back to the old nest. Biff McGuire, Patricia Smith, and Michael Evans are now in Jean Kerr's comedy. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thursday, July 4, at 2:30.)

### MUSICALS

**Oliver!**—A loose-jointed adaptation of Dickens' "Oliver Twist" that eliminates most of the misery the novel is built on and settles instead on an assortment of production numbers, some of which are quite effective. Lionel Bart is responsible for the book, music, and lyrics, and the cast is headed by Clive Revill, who plays Fagin; Georgia Brown, who plays Bill Sikes's doxy; Paul O'Keefe, who plays Oliver; and David Jones, who plays the Artful Dodger. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thursday, July 4, at 2:30.)

**She Loves Me**—An old-fashioned romantic comedy about a small shop in Hungary, back in the thirties. The songs are by Jerry Bock and Sheldon Harnick, the dances by Carol Haney, and the book, an adaptation of a play by Miklos Laszlo, is by Joe Masteroff. All these contributors have done well enough, but it is the performance, under the direction of Harold Prince, that really sets the mood—light and gently mocking—of the show. With Barbara Cook, Jack Cassidy, Barbara Baxley, and Daniel Massey. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

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THE NEW YORKER
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**CHANGE OF ADDRESS**

It is essential that subscribers ordering a change of address give four weeks' notice and provide their old as well as their new address. Please give postal zone numbers for both addresses.

**Tovarich**—No memorable songs, no original dances, and no particularly witty patter distinguish this musical version of the Jacques Deval-Robert E. Sherwood comedy—vintage early thirties—about lovers, Red and White, of old Mother Russia. But Vivien Leigh gives a fine performance as a grand duchess to the palace born. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thursday, July 4, at 2:30.)

**Long Runs**—**A FUNNY THING HAPPENED ON THE WAY TO THE FORUM:** Zero Mostel, David Burns, Jack Gilford, and John Carradine, among others, clowning about ancient Rome in a play based on the works of Plautus. Jerry Lester will fill in for Mr. Mostel for four weeks starting Monday, July 8. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **HOW TO SUCCEED IN BUSINESS WITHOUT REALLY TRYING:** The saga of a young egomaniac who skips to the top of the mercantile world by duplicity, chicanery, and just plain gall. Robert Morse plays the youth on the upswing, and Rudy Vallée plays his employer. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thursday, July 4, at 2:30.)... **NO STRINGS:** A Richard Rodgers show in which Barbara McNair (who has replaced Diahann Carroll) is a model for Paris *Vogue* and Richard Kiley an expatriate American novelist. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thursday, July 4, at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Aug. 3.)... **STOP THE WORLD—I WANT TO GET OFF:** Pantomime and other alleged diversions supplied by Anthony Newley in a revue that takes a man through seven ages. Kenneth Nelson will take over for Mr. Newley for four weeks starting Monday, July 8. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thursday, July 4, at 2:30.)

### OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

**The American Dream** and **The Zoo Story**—A pair of Edward Albee revivals. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**American Savoyards**—A season of Gilbert and Sullivan. Thursday and Friday evenings, July 4-5: "Patience."... ¶ Saturday matinée and evening, July 6: "The Pirates of Penzance."... ¶ Sunday matinée and evening, July 7, and Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, July 9-10: "The Mikado."... ¶ Thursday and Friday evenings, July 11-12: "The Pirates of Penzance."... ¶ Saturday matinée and evening, July 13: "The Gondoliers." (Jan Hus House, 351 E. 74th St. LE 5-6310. Evenings at 8:40. Matinées at 4.)

**Best Foot Forward**—A revival of the 1941 musical about a movie actress who comes to a prep-school dance. The songs still sound fine, and the attractive young cast makes up in breeziness what it lacks in professional finesse. (Stage 73, 321 E. 73rd St. BU 8-2500. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:40. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**The Blacks**—Jean Genet's sometimes stunning, sometimes windy sleight-of-hand attempt to depict, in many-layered symbols, the agonies that lie between the Negroes and the whites of the world. A maddening, capricious, and

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THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 West 43rd St., New York 36, N. Y.; R. H. Fleischmann, president and chairman of the board; A. J. Russell, Jr., executive vice-president; Milton Greenstein. F. S. Norman, E. R. Spaulding, and R. H. Truax, vice-presidents; P. F. Fleischmann, treasurer; Mrs. M. L. Fries, secretary and comptroller; Robert S. Ogden, advertising manager. Out of town offices: Chicago, 6 North Michigan Ave.; San Francisco, 155 Montgomery St.; Los Angeles, 2975 Wilshire Blvd.; Atlanta, 1375 Peachtree St., N.E.; London, 21 Grosvenor St. W.1. Vol. XXXIX, No. 20, July 6, 1963. Second-class postage paid at New York, N. Y. and at Greenwich, Conn. © 1963 by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U.S.A. Subscription rates: U. S. and possessions, 1 year $7.00; Canada, Latin America, and Spain, $8.00. Other foreign, $10.00.

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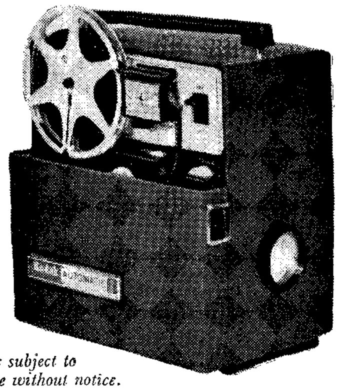

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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indelible evening. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**The Boys from Syracuse**—A thoroughly satisfying revival of the Rodgers and Hart musical. The songs are, of course, wonderful, and they are well sung by the high-spirited company. The book, an adaptation of "The Comedy of Errors," gets a bit tiresome, but who cares? (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. LT 1-7877. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**The Brig**—This dramatization of one day in a U.S. Marine prison is grim and relentless. It is also wholly believable. Judith Malina is the director. (Living Theatre, 530 Sixth Ave., at 14th St. CH 3-4569. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**Cages**—Two rubbishy one-acters with Shelley Winters and Jack Warden. (York Playhouse, First Ave. at 64th St. TR 9-4130. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**Desire Under the Elms**—Carl Low plays the old New England farmer who takes a youngish wife, and Betty Miller plays the two-timing bride in this high-pitched but undeniably animated revival of the O'Neill melodrama. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. GR 3-4590. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**The Fantasticks**—A pretty little musical comedy, by Tom Jones and Harvey Schmidt, in which the whimsey is as thick as *that*. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**The Importance of Being Earnest**—A sprightly, stylish revival of Wilde's comedy of paradox and double identity. John Merivale plays Worthing, and Melville Cooper Canon Chasuble. (Madison Avenue Playhouse, 120 Madison Ave., at 30th St. MU 6-1431. Mondays through Fridays at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2.)

**A Month in the Country**—This revival, under the direction of David Ross, is, on the whole, handsome and quite charming, in spite of Celeste Holm's inadequacy as Natalya. (Maidman Playhouse, 416 W. 42nd St. BR 9-2084. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays and Sundays at 3.)

**The Pinter Plays**—A pair of dark comedies, one low and the other high, by the extraordinary English playwright Harold Pinter. Alan Schneider directed. (Provincetown Playhouse, 133 Macdougal St. GR 7-1515. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**Riverwind**—An appealing and tuneful musical comedy, with a score and lyrics by a new composer named John Jennings. The setting is a rustic motel in Indiana; the dramatis personae are the garrulous proprietress and three couples in various stages of attachment; and the performances by all hands are considerably more than adequate. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**Six Characters in Search of an Author**—A brisk and buoyant production of Pirandello's tantalizing comedy about a group of stray characters who break in on a theatrical rehearsal. The translation, which sounds fine, is by Paul Avila Mayer. (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**This Was Burlesque**—A revival of the locally obsolete art form starring Ann Corio as mistress of ceremonies and, in the next-to-closing spot, as nostalgic stripper. The girls are young, the routines are old, and the veteran comedians—Steve Mills, Charley Robinson, and Mac Dennison—are sometimes comic and sometimes merely dirty. (Casino East Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. YU 2-6611. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at midnight. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30; special matinée Thursday, July 4.)

**The Typists** and **The Tiger**—A couple of funny one-acters, each for two characters. Now with Milt Kamen and Janet Ward. The promising dramatist is named Murray Schisgal. (Orpheum Theatre, Second Ave. at 8th St. OR 4-8140. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

### MISCELLANY

**New York Shakespeare Festival**—Free performances of "Antony and Cleopatra," with Colleen Dewhurst, Michael Higgins, and Ramon Bieri. The first in a series of three plays by the company. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Through Saturday, July 6.)

**Jones Beach Marine Theatre**—"Around the World in 80 Days," a musical with a cast of two hundred headed by Fritz Weaver, Robert Clary, and Elaine Malbin. Presented by Guy Lombardo, who also appears with his Royal Canadians. (Nightly at 8:30. For tickets, call CA 1-1000.)

## NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

### DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

**Americana**, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—The Royal Box, which could serve in a pinch as a Garden of Eden, reopens on Tuesday, July 9, with the explosive ditties of Della Reese. She will appear at dinner and supper; a Lester Lanin orchestra will play around all evening. Closed Sundays.

**Pierre**, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—Infra dig has no place in the Café Pierre. Stanley Worth's little band is for sedate dancing, and Renato Rossini's guitar is for more impassioned dreaming about the Côte d'Azur. Mondays, another band is the entire show.

**Plaza**, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—The Persian Room reopens on Monday, July 8, partly as a concert hall for Betty Johnson, who gives her ballads a trilling ride, and partly as a *palais de danse* for Milt Shaw's vigorous orchestra and Mark Monte's light artillery. One appearance during the week and two on Fridays and Saturdays is Miss Johnson's regimen. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Leo LeFleur's piano, supported by a violin, starts the day in the Palm Court from four-fifteen to six-thirty, and brings it to an end in the Edwardian Room from seven to nine. Mondays are silent. The Palm Court will be closed Thursday through Sunday, July 4-7.

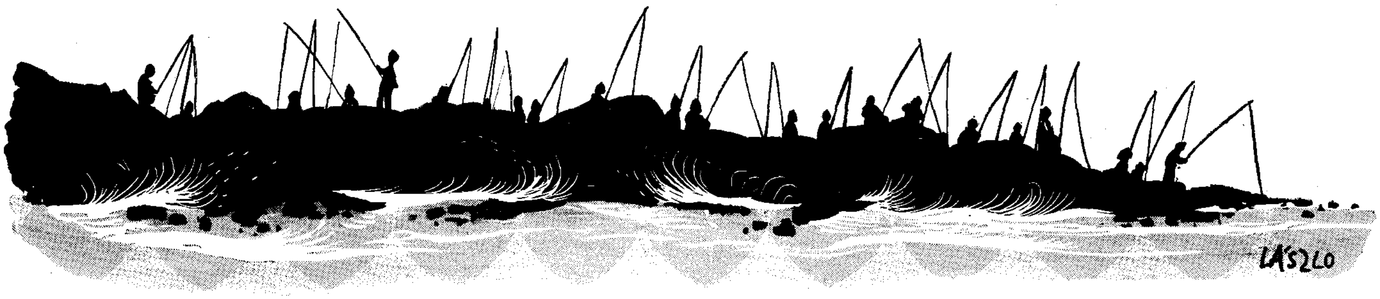
**St. Regis Roof**, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—This picturesque castle in the air is in its customary rosy state of mind. Charles Turecamo's band, of the Long Island summer set, and Walter Kay's group, an old St. Regis retainer, do the dance music. Closed Sundays and Thursday, July 4.

**Waldorf-Astoria**, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—On Tuesday, July 9, a Meyer Davis trio will take up residence in Peacock Alley, providing dance music Tuesdays through Thursdays from nine until one.

### SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

**Goldie's New York**, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): This free-associational setup (everyone knows everyone) for all ages reopens on Monday, July 8, on its summer schedule (i.e., classes Monday through Thursday every week). The *padrone* is Goldie Hawkins himself, who does single piano during the evening, and double piano, with Wayne Sanders, along about midnight; Mr. Sanders is on deck all evening, too, and Sam Hamilton patrols a piano from five-thirty to eight, before popping off to Downstairs at the Upstairs. . . . **In Boboli**, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): Puccini and the fast company he kept—Pinkerton, Cio-Cio-San, Rodolfo, Mimi—recalling in idyllic arias their petty misdemeanors. Aldo Bruschi—pianist, basso profundo, and commentator—is the mainstay of the sound department. Closed Thursday through Monday, July 4-8. . . . **Château Henri IV**, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): A castle keep that is Hans Christian Andersen and Walt Disney, but all its playful grandeur cannot suppress Norbert Faconi and his gay-Lothario Stradivarius. No music Sundays. . . . **King Henri IV**, 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): A further exposition of King Henri's ideas about domestic architecture, which were, basically, that one good laugh deserves another. George Cardini, whose violin is incurably romantic, is the patrolman on this beat. He stays home Sundays. . . . **Ritz Bar**, Madison Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-3000): In the executive suite of the Carlton House, Victor del Monte quietly addresses his piano at the cocktail hour and again from nine to one every night but Sunday. . . . **El Chico**, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): A Latin Olympics takes place in miniature onstage twice a night to keep the diners in touch with the world of flamenco. Dancing for the diners, too. Closed Sundays. . . . **Waverly Lounge**, 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, the bubbly Londoner, is at the piano in the bar of the Hotel Earle, displaying his transatlantic portfolio, principally British and New York. He gets rolling at nine. No music on Mondays. . . . **Roma di Notte**, 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): Moonlight over Rome, glimpsed from one of the Seven Hills. Strolling among



**Towhee, or Chewink** *(Pipilo erythrophthalmus)*, shown here among fall-fruiting mushrooms. The male is recognized by its black upper parts and brownish to white under parts, short wings, stout feet, and red iris of the eye. Life size in porcelain by Edward Marshall Boehm. Limited edition. $350. Habitat: Artwares, Second Floor.

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the viands and *vini* are a group of street musicians who arrive at six and reluctantly go home at two. Closed Sundays. . . . **DRAKE ROOM,** 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): Grand-manner is the attitude of the café over which Cy Walter presides. His pianoforte, which is lightning ever so loosely chained, operates from cocktails until one in the morning. No music Sundays. . . . **MÉDITERRANÉE,** 575 Park Ave., at 63rd St. (TE 8-6130): Mare Nostrum in a mood so calm that you can easily pick out the fish you want for dinner. On one shore sits the piano of Ralph Strain, who is prepared—at nearly any moment between six and one—to be poetic or philosophical or puckish. Saturdays are his vacations. . . . **LIBORIO,** 150 W. 47th St. (JU 2-6188): *Se habla español* in mien and menu. A volley of instrumentalists and dancers is occasionally discharged onstage, and now and again a soprano becomes vehement. Now and again, too, a dance band encourages the diners to rise and shine. Tea dancing on Sundays from two to seven. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): The social workers here must be mostly recruited from the *Register*. Karl Inwald's dreamy Viennese piano is their accompaniment from cocktails until after the theatre. Closed Sundays and Thursday, July 4. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): *La dolce vita* in a fairly accurate paraphrase of the Via Veneto. Herman Honigsberg is principal violinist in a floating island of musicians. Closed Sundays and Thursday, July 4. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): The minute dining room becomes a minute music room when the chatelaine, Rita Dimitri, reprises (with a full panoply of Continental airs and graces) the songs she used to do in this musical comedy and that. Accordion, piano, and guitar divide the remainder of the evening. After ten-thirty Mondays through Fridays, a trio turns out dance music beside a minute recreation area. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE,** 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): This reëstablishment of the Age of Ornamentation is the locale of the flamenco guitar wielded by a Spanish import named José Luis Franco, who's around from eight to one. No music Mondays; closed Thursday, July 4. . . . **MALMAISON,** 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0845): In the bar, Jules Kuti rambles along at his piano from five to eleven. Closed Sundays and Thursday, July 4. . . . **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE,** 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): The undergraduate segment of the amusement world sends delegates here every evening, to look at or sing along with the jazz threesome at one end of the living room, or just to table-hop. Sundays, a pianist is the entire orchestra; closed Thursday, July 4. . . . **REGENCY,** Park Ave. at 61st St. (PL 9-4100): The Regency Room cocktail lounge, the most recent of the halls of Montezuma, affords—from five-thirty to twelve-thirty, every evening but Monday—Rack Godwin, whose drawing-room piano exhibits a vivid imagination.

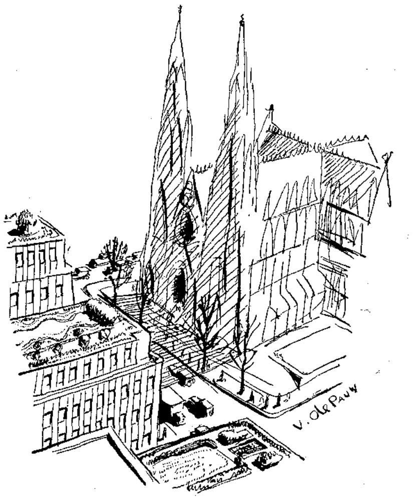
## BIG AND BRASSY

**LATIN QUARTER,** Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): Eve before her encounter with the apple and the serpent is exemplified by three dozen fair ladies, or fair hoydens. Into this bower intrude a few males, the most important of whom is Jerry Colonna (stuff-and-nonsense conversation). His last night is Tuesday, July 9. Dancing.

## CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

**PLAZA 9–,** Central Park S., just east of the Plaza Hotel door. (PL 9-3933): "Dime a Dozen," a revue that can (and often does) serve as copybook for other entrepreneurs, spares no rods, spoils no points, plays no favorites—even to show. The troupers—Lovelady Powell, Gerry Matthews, Gordon Connell, Rex Robbins, Carol Morley, and Susan Browning—are all first-rate. The music is lyric, the choreography is action precisely suiting the words. The pit band is the concert grands of William Roy and Robert Colston; the hours are nine and midnight. In the plush cloister alongside, there is further piano, by Carl Norman. Closed Sundays. . . . **SECOND CITY AT SQUARE EAST,** 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (AL 4-0480): "To the Water Tower," the current emotional outlet of the Second City players, is a revue with incidental music by Tom O'Horgan's harp. Some of the sketches are old friends, and some (among them a playlet that is Kafka with—if that can be imagined—a funnybone in his teeth) are sure to become new ones. Andrew Duncan, Barbara Harris, Anthony Holland, Paul Dooley, Bob Dishy, and MacIntyre Dixon are the laudable amusers. The enterprise starts around eight-thirty and eleven during the week, additionally after midnight on Saturdays, and only at eight-thirty on Sundays; Mondays are the rest periods. . . . **THE PREMISE,** 154 Bleecker St. (LF 3-5020): Many a true word is being said—and not always in jest, either—by the five-strong cast of a revue that's sometimes informal to the point of formlessness. The schedule: Tuesdays through Thursdays at nine; Fridays at eight-thirty and eleven; Saturdays at seven-thirty and ten-thirty; and Sundays at three and eight-thirty. An extra benefit performance will be added at midnight, Tuesday, July 9. . . . **CHÂTEAU MADRID,** 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): The prevailing winds are southerly, and they blow Pedro Vargas, singer of the evening, in from Mexico. He happens at dinner and supper, leaving plenty of time for the customers to get on the floor and prance for themselves. Sundays, there's also a tea dance, which runs (and rampantly, too) until all hours. Emilio Reyes' band is the perfect stimulant for all this. . . . ¶ After ten, in a little den next door to the bar, the flamenco songs of José Moreno and the guitar of Pedro Cortes compare notes on the love life of Iberia. . . . **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): What is possibly the world's smallest musical comedy (a cast of four) is scheduled to commence on Tuesday, July 9. The authors are Tom Whedon and David Axlerod; the composer is Sam Pottle. All three are reputable young workers in this sort of vineyard. The hours are nine-thirty and midnight; closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In the **DOWNSTAIRS,** Mabel Mercer's advice to all hands (love and let love) is being distributed after ten-thirty in the best of all possible lyrics and in her celebrated bittersweet fashion. Sam Hamilton is her pianist. Closed Sundays. . . . **STROLLERS THEATRE CLUB,** 154 E. 54th St. (PL 2-4711): The second edition of the revue from London's The Establishment is a counterpart of the first, in that the quality of its mercy, whose appearances are infrequent, is strained indeed. The same set of players—John Bird, John Fortune, Eleanor Bron, Jeremy Geidt, and Carole Simpson (who all deserve to be made honorary citizens)—is at work. Teddy Wilson's American jazz trio, which fits in well with all this British jazz, also plays from one-thirty to three in the bar. Dinner and supper shows during the week; lights out on Sundays. . . . **ONE SHERIDAN SQUARE,** W. 4th St. and Washington Pl. (YU 9-1334): "The World of Kurt Weill in Song," a revival of the eminent musicologist's important American phase, as well as of his Bertolt Brecht phase, is done disarmingly (a solitary piano is the entire background) and to perfection by Will Holt and Martha Schlamme. This worthy project occurs Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine and eleven-thirty, and Sundays at three and nine. Closed Mondays. . . . **THE HOWFF,** 4 St. Marks Pl. (YU 2-0220): Folk music from a few slightly dissident sectors of the British Isles, such as the Scottish Highlands and anywhere at all in the Irish Lowlands. Bobby Clancy (the fourth of the celebrated Clancy Brothers) and Roy Guest, the Welshman who invented the Howff, are two of the many contributors. Nine o'clock Mondays through Thursdays; twice on Fridays and Saturdays. Sundays are come-one, come-all.



## MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

**VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Miles Davis, who wanders lonely as a cloud from his quintet to the audience to the dressing room and back, operates a horn that does its best to express his *Weltschmerz*; Blossom Dearie sings those lost-in-the-clouds songs of hers while conducting a good little trio. There are Sunday matinées from four-thirty to seven; closed Mondays. . . . **VILLAGE GATE,** 185 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): The back-to-the-country movement is here in full fledge. Sonny Terry and Brownie McGhee are now the responsible parties. On Friday, July 5, Nina Simone, that arch little singer-pianist, and her trio will be added to the cast. Mondays are visitors' nights. . . . **BITTER END,** 147 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (GR 5-7804): Hails in this estimable coffeehouse are sometimes instantaneously followed by farewells, but—at a guess—you'll now get (along with your lemon peel) a new set of backwoods voices called the Big 3, plus Oscar Brand, a folklorist who can dip well down into the spice box. On Wednesday, July 10, Murray Roman replaces Mr. Brand. Tuesdays, the regulars are off duty. . . . **ROOM AT THE BOTTOM,** 23 W. 8th St. (GR 5-5388): The jazz that came up the river to 52nd Street has come down to the Village. It's done by Wilbur de Paris and band, in which Sidney de Paris, Garvin Bushell, Wilber Kirk, and Sonny White are apt to be embedded. Dancing. Closed Sundays. . . . **NICK'S,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Sol Yaged, whose quartet now contains Dick Wellstood, provides quantities of let-'em-have-it-between-the-eyes old-school jazz. Closed Sundays. . . . **METROPOLE,** Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): Catalysis and cataclysm are the basic ingredients. Gene Krupa's quartet has both, and in quantity. Sundays, other players have the use of the hall. . . . **BIRDLAND,** 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): The current shivaree, which involves the band of Dizzy Gillespie (a man of good humor in word and in action), the Group (jazz singers), and Kenny Burrell's quartet (look to the future). The Gillespies, be it noted, will absent themselves on Friday, July 5, in favor of the Newport Jazz Festival. Visitors' days are Mondays, when the regulars are at rest. . . . **HALF NOTE,** 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): Benny Golson, earnest thinker and earnest doer, runs the incumbent quartet with his mind on modernism. On Tuesday, July 9, his group gives way to the foursome headed by Bobby Brookmeyer and Clark Terry. Closed Mondays. . . . **FIVE SPOT,** 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (GR 7-9650): Variations on a theme—the one that goes "Subject to Change, etc."—are often performed by the management, not the cast, of this academy for the study of modern influences on music. Thelonious Monk's quartet and Walter Bishop's trio are on hand every night but Monday; the Monks will, in addition, be marked absent on Thursday, July 4, because of the Newport Festival. . . . **THE EMBERS,** 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): Convention Hall, and the callooh-callay that goes with it. Jonah Jones' quartet punches as hard as it can. Closed Sundays. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Martial Solal, a pianist whom France is lending us as warily as it lent the "Mona Lisa," is as modern a

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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trapping as this chophouse has ever experimented with. His trio is around every night but Monday (and Sunday, July 7, when it will be at Newport).... **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505): The celebrated 52nd Street hothouse, now transplanted, has piano during the week by Cliff Jackson, who is joined Fridays and Saturdays by Danny Barker's trio. No music on Sundays.

## ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6. They will all be closed Thursday, July 4.)

### GALLERIES

**Lynn Chadwick, Henry Moore, and Jack Zajac**—Sculptures and drawings; through Aug. 15. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St. Closed Friday, July 5.)

**Paul Delvaux**—Paintings by the Belgian Surrealist; through Friday, July 12. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Friday, July 5.)

**Art Dealers Association of America**—"Review of the Season: 1962-63," the first annual showing by forty-four of the member galleries. It consists of nearly three hundred American and European paintings, drawings, prints, and sculptures, ranging in style from the Ashcan school to "pop" art. Through July 27. (Parke-Bernet, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.)

**Americans; Group Shows**—At the **KRAUSHAAR,** 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Still-lifes (paintings and sculptures) by twentieth-century artists, among them John Heliker, William Glackens, and Leonard DeLonga; through Aug. 2.... **LEWISON,** 50 E. 76th St.: Paintings by Ralph Blakelock, George Inness, George Luks, and others, plus sculptures by Maurice Glickman; through Aug. 9. (Mondays through Fridays, except July 5, from 11:30 to 5:30.)... **MIDTOWN,** 11 E. 57th St.: Paintings by such artists as Edward Betts, Robert Sivard, and Nathan Hale; through Aug. 30. (Closed Friday, July 5.)... **MILCH,** 21 E. 67th St.: John H. Twachtman, Ernest Lawson, Leon Kroll, and other nineteenth- and twentieth-century painters; through July 31. (Closed Friday, July 5.)... **SALPETER,** 42 E. 57th St.: Participants in a showing of drawings and water colors include August Mosca, Jacques Hnizdovsky, and Raphael Soyer; through July 26. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.)... **SCHWEITZER,** 958 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: Childe Hassam, Albert P. Ryder, and John Singer Sargent are three of the artists represented in a showing of turn-of-the-century paintings; through Aug. 30.... **WISE,** 50 W. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by (for instance) Edward Dugmore, Lee Krasner, and Michael Lekakis; through July 26. (Closed Friday, July 5.)

**Americans and Europeans; Group Shows**—At the **HIRSCHL & ADLER,** 21 E. 67th St.: "Sumer Is Icumen In," an exhibition of paintings by, among others, Maurice Prendergast, Odilon Redon, and Thomas Gainsborough; through July 26. (Closed Friday, July 5.)... **LEFEBRE,** 47 E. 77th St.: Pierre Alechinsky, Julius Bissier, Gandy Brodie, and other painters; through July 31.... **THIBAUT,** 799 Madison Ave., at 67th St.: Two groups of paintings, one by young Americans (Alex Katz, Vincent Longo, and others) and the other by present-day Americans and Europeans (Franco Assetto, Hans Hartung, Antonio Music, and others); through Friday, July 12. (Closed Friday, July 5.)... **WORLD HOUSE,** 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: Paintings and sculptures by such artists as Jannis Spyropoulos, Earl Kerkam, and Bernard Reder; through Sept. 21.

**French; Group Show**—Contemporary paintings and sculptures by leading exponents of figurative art in France, among them Bernard Buffet, Bernard Lorjou, and Paul Belmondo; through Aug. 30. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.)

### MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

**Metropolitan Museum,** Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"The Art of Fabergé," a loan collection of precious objects (Easter eggs, miniature articles of furniture, carved figures, and the like) designed by the last jeweller to the Imperial Russian Court. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Thursday, July 4, from 1 to 5.)

**Museum of Modern Art,** 11 W. 53rd St.—Sculptures (bronze, marble, terra cotta, and plaster), drawings, water colors, and prints, dating from 1863 to 1917, by Auguste Rodin; through Sept. 8.... ¶ "Americans 1963," a fifteen-artist exhibit of paintings and sculptures. Among those represented are David Simpson, Chryssa, and Michael Lekakis. Through Aug. 18.... ¶ Paintings, drawings, and prints by André Derain; through Sept. 8. (Weekdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 7.)

**Brooklyn Museum,** Eastern Parkway—"Gold of the Andes, Treasure of Peru," a display of some five hundred Incan objects (ponchos to ear ornaments), ranging in date from 200 B.C. to the sixteenth century and lent by Señor Miguel Mujica Gallo, of Lima; through July 15.... ¶ Eleven Spanish masterpieces (by El Greco, Goya, Velázquez, and Murillo) from the collection of the late Oscar B. Cintas; through Nov. 3. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Thursday, July 4, from 1 to 5.)

**Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum,** 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—"Cézanne and Structure in Modern Painting," consisting of Cézannes borrowed from six private collections, supplemented by works (from the Museum's collection) of artists influenced by him—Braque, Gleizes, Mondrian, and Picasso, to mention a few; through Sept. 1. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thursday, July 4, from 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

**Morgan Library,** 29 E. 36th St.—"Notable Acquisitions of the Past Two Years" (manuscripts, drawings, printed books, and bookbindings) and "Eighteenth-Century Drawings from the Samuel H. Kress Collection;" through July 26. (Mondays through Fridays, except Thursday, July 4, from 9:30 to 5.)

**Museum of Contemporary Crafts,** 29 W. 53rd St.—"Emergence: Student-Craftsmen," examples of work from six representative schools; through Sept. 8. (Weekdays, except Thursday, July 4, from noon to 6; Sundays, 2 to 6.)

**Museum of Primitive Art,** 15 W. 54th St.—The collection assembled by Robert and Lisa Sainsbury, of London, made up of items from around the world—Greece, Mexico, the Hawaiian Islands, Oceania, Benin, Alaska, and so on; through Sept. 8. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

**Whitney Museum,** 22 W. 54th St.—The permanent collection is the main show just now—no special exhibitions at the moment. (Daily, except Thursday, July 4, from 1 to 5.)

## MUSIC

**Lewisohn Stadium Concerts**—The Stadium Symphony Orchestra—Thursday, July 4: Franz Allers directing an all-Gershwin concert, with Earl Wild, piano; Camilla Williams, soprano; Lawrence Winters, baritone; and a chorus.... ¶ Saturday, July 6: Alfredo Antonini conducting an all-Verdi program, with Mary Curtis-Verna, soprano; Jan Peerce, tenor; and Jerome Hines, bass.... ¶ Tuesday, July 9: Seiji Ozawa conducting, with André Watts, piano.... ¶ Wednesday, July 10: Seiji Ozawa conducting; no soloists.... ¶ Thursday, July 11: Willi Boskovsky conducting and acting as violin soloist, with Elisabeth Schwarzkopf, soprano.... ¶ Saturday, July 13: Roger Machado conducting, with José Greco and his company of Spanish dancers. (Lewisohn Stadium, Amsterdam Ave. at 138th St. AD 4-5800. Tickets are also available at the Judson Hall box office, 165 W. 57th St., JU 2-4090. Evenings at 8:30; through Saturday, Aug. 10. In the event of threatening weather, last-minute plans are broadcast at 5, 6, and 7 P.M. over WNYC and at 7:06 P.M. over WQXR.)

**Central Park Mall Concerts**—Richard Franko Goldman conducting the Goldman Band in this summer's series of Guggenheim Memorial Concerts. (Sundays, Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays at 8:30; through Friday, Aug. 16.)... ¶ Carl Bamberger conducting the Naumburg Symphony Orchestra, with Julius Baker, flute, and Melvin Broiles, trumpet. (Thursday, July 4, at 8:30.)

**Riverside Park Concerts**—Frederique Petrides conducting the Festival Symphony Orchestra in the second of two concerts. (Monday, July 8, at 8:30.)

### IN THE COUNTRY

**Berkshire Festival**—Opening performances of the season, which will run through Sunday, Aug. 25—Friday and Saturday, July 5-6, at 8, and Sunday, July 7, at 2:30: Erich Leinsdorf conducting a chamber orchestra of Boston Symphony members in all-Mozart programs, with Rudolf Serkin, piano.... ¶ Tuesday, July 9, at 8: A chamber-music concert by the Nova Arte Trio.... ¶ Erich Leinsdorf conducting the chamber orchestra in three more all-Mozart programs. Friday, July 12, at 8: With Joseph Silverstein, violin. Saturday, July 13, at 8: With Joan Carlyle, soprano, and David Bar-Illan, piano. Sunday, July 14, at 2:30: With Jeanette Scovotti and Joan Carlyle, sopranos; Walter Carringer, tenor; and George Hoffman, bass. (Tanglewood, Lenox, Mass.)

**Music Mountain**—The Berkshire Quartet, with Benny Goodman, clarinet. (Falls Village, Conn. Sunday, July 7, at 4.)

**Silvermine Guild Chamber-Music Concerts**—The Silvermine String Quartet, with Robert Bloom, oboe. (New Canaan, Conn. Sunday, July 7, at 8.)

**Southern Vermont Art Center**—The Eastman Chamber Orchestra, conducted by A. Clyde Roller. (Manchester, Vt. Sunday, July 7, at 8:30.)

**South Mountain**—Saturday, July 6, at 3: The New York Pro Musica, with the Abbey Singers.... ¶ Saturday, July 13, at 3: The Claremont String Quartet, with Charles McCracken, cello. (Pittsfield, Mass.)

**Newport Jazz Festival**—Thursday, July 4, at 8: Stan Kenton and his orchestra, Cannonball Adderley's sextet, Howard McGhee, Roy

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Haynes, Thelonious Monk's quartet, Pee Wee Russell's quartet, Nina Simone, Zoot Sims, Clark Terry, and others. . . . ¶ Friday, July 5, at 2: A program called New Faces in Jazz, including Paul Winter's sextet and Ada Lee. . . . ¶ Friday, July 5, at 8: Maynard Ferguson and his orchestra, Dizzy Gillespie's quintet, Milt Jackson, Dave Lambert, Jon Hendricks, Yolande Bavan, Gerry Mulligan's quartet, Sonny Stitt, Joe Williams, and others. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 6, at 2: "An Afternoon at the Hoofers Club," danced by Bunny Briggs and Baby Laurence, Chuck Green, Ernest Brown, Charles Cook, Charlie Atkins, Honi Coles, Pete Nugent, and others. With Marshall Stearns as narrator. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 6, at 8: Duke Ellington and his orchestra, Bunny Briggs and Baby Laurence, Coleman Hawkins, Ramsey Lewis's trio, the Newport Jazz Festival All-Stars, Bud Freeman, Ruby Braff, George Wein, Sonny Rollins' quartet, Nancy Wilson, and others. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 7, at 6: Martial Solal's trio, Dave Brubeck's quartet, John Coltrane's quartet, Herbie Mann's quintet, Jimmy Smith's trio, Dakota Staton, and others. (For tickets, call CO 5-1267.)

**NOTE**—The Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival is presenting programs of ballet and modern and ethnic dancing. Through Saturday, July 6: The Ballet Español Ximenez-Vargas. . . . ¶ Tuesday through Saturday, July 9-13: Marina Svetlova and André Prokovsky, Barton Mumaw, and Carmen de Lavallade with Donald McKayle and his company. (Lee, Mass. Evenings at 8:40. Matinées Fridays and Saturdays and also Thursday, July 4, at 3.)

## SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

**BASEBALL**—At YANKEE STADIUM: Yankees vs. Chicago, Thursday, July 4, at 1:30 (doubleheader). . . . POLO GROUNDS: Mets vs. Pittsburgh, Friday, July 5, at 2; Saturday, July 6, at 8; and Sunday, July 7, at 2. . . . ¶ Mets vs. Los Angeles, Wednesday through Friday, July 10-12, at 8, and Saturday, July 13, at 2.

**BOXING**—At Madison Square Garden—Saturday, July 6: Billy Bello vs. Gaspar Ortega, welterweights, 10 rounds. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 13: Joey Archer vs. Farid Salim, middleweights, 10 rounds. (Preliminaries at 8:30; main bouts at 10.)

**GOLF**—Westchester County Golf Association Open Championship. (Vernon Hills Country Club, Tuckahoe. Monday and Tuesday, July 8-9.) . . . ¶ John G. Anderson Memorial Tournament. (Winged Foot Golf Club, Mamaroneck. Thursday through Sunday, July 11-14.) . . . ¶ New Jersey State Golf Association Open Championship. (Braidburn Country Club, Florham Park, N.J. Thursday through Saturday, July 11-13.)

**POLO**—At BLIND BROOK POLO CLUB, Purchase: Sundays at 3:30 and Fridays at 7. . . . BETHPAGE POLO FIELDS, Farmingdale, L.I.: Sundays at 3:30.

**RACING**—At AQUEDUCT: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, July 27. The Suburban Handicap, Thursday, July 4; the Tremont, Wednesday, July 10; and the Dwyer Handicap, Saturday, July 13. . . . MONMOUTH PARK, Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 2; through Saturday, Aug. 3. The Monmouth Oaks, Saturday, July 6, and the Monmouth Handicap, Saturday, July 13. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track at 11:48. A boat leaves Battery Park at 10:15, and is met at Atlantic Highlands by buses for the track.)

**SOCCER**—International Soccer League—Thursday, July 4, at 2:15: Halsingborg vs. Dinamo and Valladolid vs. Wiener S.C. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 7, at 2:15: A preliminary exhibition game and Gornik vs. Belenenses. . . . ¶ Wednesday, July 10, at 7:30: Halsingborg vs. Wiener S.C. and Belenenses vs. Ujpest. (Downing Stadium, Randalls Island.)

**SPORTS-CAR RACING**—At Lime Rock Park, Lime Rock, Conn.: Saturday, July 6, at 9 A.M.

**TENNIS**—New York State Men's Championships. (North Shore Tennis and Racquets Club, Bayside. Through Sunday, July 7.)

**TROTTING**—At ROOSEVELT RACEWAY, Westbury: Weekdays at 8:30; through Wednesday, July 31. (Special trains leave Penn Station for the track at 6:43 and, except Saturdays, at 7:06.) . . . HISTORIC TRACK, Goshen: Thursday and Friday, July 4-5, at 1:30. . . . SARATOGA RACEWAY, Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Oct. 26.

**YACHTING**—Larchmont Race Week. (Larchmont. Starting Saturday, July 13.)

## OTHER EVENTS

**UNITED NATIONS**—Visitors may attend periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays; no meetings on Thursday, July 4. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9:15 to 4:45 daily.

**MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY**—Two programs in a series called "The Cinema of Alfred Hitchcock"—Through July 6: "Sabotage" (1937), with Sylvia Sidney. . . . ¶ Starting July 7: "The Girl Was Young" (1938), with Nova Pilbeam. (Showings at 3 and 5:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after 1.)

## COMING EVENTS

(A check list for readers who plan ahead.)

**BASEBALL**—At the POLO GROUNDS: July 14-18, Aug. 6-11, and Aug. 13-14. . . . YANKEE STADIUM: July 19-31 and Aug. 2-4.

**GOLF**—New York State Golf Association Amateur Championship. (Knollwood Country Club, White Plains. July 17-21.) . . . ¶ Long Island Golf Association Amateur Championship. (Garden City Country Club, Garden City. July 25-28.) . . . ¶ Westchester County Golf Association Amateur Championship. (Metropolis Country Club, White Plains. July 25-28.) . . . ¶ Metropolitan Golf Association Amateur Championship. (Nassau Country Club, Glen Cove. Aug. 8-11.) . . . ¶ U.S.G.A. Girls' Junior Championship. (Wolfert's Roost Country Club, Albany. Aug. 12-16.)

**HORSE SHOWS**—Dublin Horse Show. (Dublin, Ireland. Aug. 6-10.) . . . ¶ Litchfield Horse Show. (Litchfield, Conn. Aug. 10.)

**RACING**—At SARATOGA: July 29-Aug. 24. . . . ATLANTIC CITY, Mays Landing, N.J.: Aug. 5-Oct. 1.

**SOCCER**—International Soccer League at Downing Stadium, Randalls Island: July 14, 17, 21, 24, 28, and 31, and Aug. 4 and 11.

**SPORTS-CAR RACING**—At THOMPSON RACEWAY, Thompson, Conn.: July 14. . . . BRIDGEHAMPTON RACE CIRCUIT, Bridgehampton, L.I.: July 20-21. . . . LIME ROCK PARK, Lime Rock, Conn.: Aug. 2-3.

**TENNIS**—Eastern Grass Court Championships. (Orange Lawn Tennis Club, South Orange, N.J. July 29-Aug. 4.) . . . ¶ Men's Invitation Tournament. (Newport Casino Lawn Tennis Club, Newport, R.I. Aug. 12-18.)

**TROTTING**—At Yonkers Raceway: Aug. 1-Sept. 23.

**MUSIC**—The Lewisohn Stadium concerts will present, among others, Christian Ferras, violin, July 16; Malcolm Frager, piano, July 25; Gary Graffman, piano, July 30; Henryk Szeryng, violin, Aug. 1; and Nora Kovach and Istvan Rabovsky, dancers, Aug. 3. . . . ¶ Folk and jazz concerts, at the Berkshire Music Barn, Lenox, Mass., July 13-Sept. 1. . . . ¶ The Cantata Singers, at Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center (TR 4-2424), July 24, 26, 28, and 31, and Aug. 2 and 4. . . . ¶ The Newport Folk Festival, Newport, R.I., July 26-28.

**OTHER DATES**—A partial (about nine-tenths) eclipse of the sun will take place the afternoon of July 20.

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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### FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED ON THIS PAGE

**Cleopatra**—Forty million dollars' worth of Mediterranean splendor, and cheap at the price. The leading roles are played by actors who are probably better known than the originals ever were. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633. Daily at 2 and 8. Reserved seats only.)

**David and Lisa**—A low-budget picture, arrestingly modest in scope and arrestingly well acted. David and Lisa are mentally sick teenagers who help each other by falling in love unawares. Keir Dullea, Janet Margolin, and Howard Da Silva have the leading roles. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; and Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

**Divorce—Italian Style**—A very funny, because ruthlessly reasonable, farce, in which it's demonstrated that if the only way out of an unhappy marriage is murder, then murder had much to be said for it. The setting is Sicily, the star is Marcello Mastroianni, and the director is Pietro Germi. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134.)

**Dr. No**—Ian Fleming's famous hero, James Bond, pits himself against a human fiend in a citadel of evil in the Caribbean. Wonderful nonsense, with Sean Connery as Bond, and Ursula Andress as his sullen blond plaything. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302. . . . ¶ Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through July 9.)

**8½**—A very successful, if curious, work of art—an *apologia pro vita sua* by the brilliant Italian director Federico Fellini. With Marcello Mastroianni, Anouk Aimée, and Sandra Milo, among many others. (New Embassy, B'way at 46th, PL 7-2408; and Festival, 6 W. 57th, LT 1-2323.)

**The Four Days of Naples**—A young Italian director named Nanni Loy has thrillingly reconstructed a heroic incident of the Second World War. The cast is largely unprofessional and wholly anonymous. (Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st, TR 9-1313; Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd, TR 7-3190; and Olympia, B'way at 107th, UN 5-8128; starting July 10.)

**Heavens Above!**—The next-to-latest Peter Sellers, in which he plays a parson too Christian for his own, or anyone else's, good. With delightful supporting performances by Cecil Parker, Isabel Jeans, and Ian Carmichael, and directed and produced by the jolly Boulting brothers. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

**Hud**—In Texas, as in ancient Greece, the Oedipal relation is hell. A powerful picture, with Melvyn Douglas as a virtuous father, Paul Newman as his wretched son, Brandon deWilde as his unformed grandson, and Patricia Neal as a slatternly, loving housekeeper. (Paramount, B'way at 43rd, WI 7-9400, and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, PL 1-1535.)

**Lawrence of Arabia**—As beautiful a picture as you could hope to see, with much stirring desert combat and an honorable attempt to fathom a little man who was as odd as Dick's hatband. With Peter O'Toole, Alec Guinness, Anthony Quinn, and a dozen others, all superlatively directed by David Lean. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Weekdays at 8 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées daily at 2. Reserved seats only.)

**The Longest Day**—Darryl Zanuck's painstaking rendition, on vivid black-and-white film, of the well-known account of D Day written by Cornelius Ryan. The scale is so big that one gets a sense mostly of surface, on which heroically crawl many hundreds of tiny figures, among them Richard Burton, John Wayne, Henry Fonda, and Red Buttons. (Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th, GR 3-2277; and Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180.)

**The L-Shaped Room**—Leslie Caron and Tom Bell make this sentimental tale of young love in old London seem perfectly true. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030.)

**Mutiny on the Bounty**—A big shipful of tried-and-true villainies and heroics, expertly filmed but always threatening to just keel over. A disastrous venture for Marlon Brando, who is by no means blameless. (State, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5070. Daily at 2:30 and 8:30. Reserved seats only.)

**My Name Is Ivan**—There are some remarkable scenes in this Russian film about a twelve-year-old spy for the Russian Army in the Second World War, but as a whole it is too broad and sentimental to be really first-rate. A boy named Kolya Burlaiev gives a wonderful performance in the title role. (Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th, MU 5-7652.)

**Sanjuro**—Toshiro Mifune as the fastest sword in the East, in a mocking melodrama directed by Akira Kurosawa. (Toho Cinema, 209 W. 45th, LT 1-1788.)

**7 Capital Sins**—As many separately written and directed episodes as there are sins. A witty French picture, in which even the least attractive sin—gluttony—is made practically irresistible. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Midtown, B'way at 100th, AC 2-1200; through July 9.)

**Sparrows Can't Sing**—A dazzling merry-go-round about soft hearts and hard feelings in East London. The first movie by the famous stage director Joan Littlewood, and it's a stunning success. (Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-0774.)

**The Ugly American**—Marlon Brando is simply splendid in a melodrama about revolution and counter-revolution in a mythical republic in Southeast Asia. With estimable direction by George Englund and lively camerawork by Clifford Stine. (Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th, PL 9-2262; through July 9.)

**The Wrong Arm of the Law**—Peter Sellers back in top form, in a nonsensical farce about cops and robbers in the not very dangerous London underworld. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Midtown, B'way at 100th, AC 2-1200; starting July 10.)

## REVIVALS

**Ask Any Girl** (1959)—Shirley MacLaine as a girl who comes to New York in pursuit of a career but would rather get married. With David Niven. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; July 7-9.)

**The Asphalt Jungle** (1950)—Jewel thieves prowling around a Midwestern city. Directed by John Huston, and with Louis Calhern and Sam Jaffe in the cast. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; July 7-9.)

**La Belle Américaine** (1961)—A French comedy, starring Robert Dhéry, Colette Brosset, and a huge American car—the beauty referred to in the title. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 9.)

**Billy Budd** (1962)—A rousing sea story, starring Peter Ustinov, Robert Ryan, and Terence Stamp. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; starting July 10.)

**Breathless** (1961)—Jean-Luc Godard wrote and directed this New Wave French film, in which Jean-Paul Belmondo and Jean Seberg play a hoodlum and his American girl friend. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 6.)

**Brief Encounter** (1946)—A British cinema expansion of Noel Coward's one-act play "Still Life." With Celia Johnson and Trevor Howard. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874.)

**Carmen Jones** (1954)—Oscar Hammerstein's way-down-South version of the Bizet opera. Dorothy Dandridge and Harry Belafonte play the lovers. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; July 4.)

**Chaplin Comedies**—"The Paper Hanger," "Triple Trouble," "The Tramp," and "Shanghaied," mementos from the silent past. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 8.)

**Citizen Kane** (1941)—Orson Welles' study of a rich man's career. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; through July 8.)

**A Cold Wind in August** (1961)—The story concerns a tough stripper (Lola Albright) and a hitherto virtuous boy (Scott Marlowe) who fall in love. (New Charles, Ave. B. at 12th, GR 5-4210; starting July 10, evening performances only.)

**Compulsion** (1959)—Dean Stockwell, Bradford Dillman, and Orson Welles have joined forces in representing, respectively, a pair of killers and a defense attorney in this reënactment of the Loeb-Leopold case. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting July 10.)

**A Face in the Crowd** (1957)—Andy Griffith in an account of a hillbilly guitarist's rise and fall in television. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; July 4.)

**Gate of Hell** (1954)—A Japanese film dealing with revolt, passion, and suspense in ancient Nippon. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; July 5-6.)

**Gates of Paris** (1958)—René Clair's description of some denizens of an impoverished district in Paris. A French film, with Pierre Brasseur, Henri Vidal, and Dany Carrel. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 5.)

**Genevieve** (1954)—Some ancient automobiles in transit from London to Brighton. John Gregson, Kay Kendall, and Kenneth More brighten up this English film. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting July 9.)

**I Know Where I'm Going** (1947)—Wendy Hiller and Roger Livesey stormbound in the Hebrides. An English film. (8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874.)

**A Kind of Loving** (1962)—An English picture about how hard it is to be young and in love if one is also poor and honorable. Alan Bates, Thora Hird, and June Ritchie. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; starting July 10.)

**Last Year at Marienbad** (1962)—A dream, *au fond*, full of men and women moving as if drugged through baroque corridors and gardens. (New Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; through July 9, evening performances only, except Saturday, Sunday, and Thursday, July 4.)

**The Loneliness of the Long Distance Runner** (1962)—An English tragicomedy of working-class manners, directed by Tony Richardson. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through July 9.)

**The Long Voyage Home** (1940)—John Ford's composite of some early O'Neill plays. With Thomas Mitchell and Barry Fitzgerald. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; July 5.)

**Potemkin** (1925)—The famous Russian job directed by Eisenstein. In its original (silent) version. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; through July 8.)

**Room at the Top** (1959)—The difficulties of a young man of lowly birth who is trying to make his way upstream against all the social pressures of small-town society. An English film, with Laurence Harvey and Simone Signoret. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through July 9.)

**Saturday Night and Sunday Morning** (1961)—Alan Sillitoe's own adaptation of his novel about a defiant young factory worker in a British provincial city. With Albert Finney. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; starting July 10.)

**Stagecoach** (1939)—Old-school Western. Claire Trevor and John Wayne. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; July 6.)

**A Streetcar Named Desire** (1951)—Tennessee Williams' story of a dishevelled New Orleans family. With Vivien Leigh and Marlon Brando. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through July 9.)

**The Walls of Malapaga** (1950)—An aging fugitive, Jean Gabin, having a final romantic fling in Genoa. A French-Italian film. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 5.)

**West Side Story** (1961)—The Ben-Hur of musicals, distinguished by the Bernstein tunes and the Robbins dances. (Trans-Lux Normandie, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448.)

**Museum of Modern Art Film Library**—See listing under "Other Events," page 11.

# THE MOVIE HOUSES

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FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

## THE BROADWAY AREA

**Astor,** B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"Call Me Bwana," Bob Hope, Anita Ekberg.

**Cinerama,** B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"How the West Was Won." (Mondays through Fridays at 2:30 and 8:30; and Saturdays, Sundays, and Thursday, July 4, at 1:30, 5, and 8:45. Reserved seats only.)

**Criterion,** B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
**LAWRENCE OF ARABIA.**

**DeMille,** 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
"Irma la Douce," Jack Lemmon, Shirley MacLaine.

**Forum,** B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
"Women of the World," a documentary film narrated by Peter Ustinov.

**Music Hall,** 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"Come Blow Your Horn," Frank Sinatra, Lee J. Cobb.

**New Embassy,** B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
**8½** (in Italian).

**Palace,** B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
Through July 9: "Tammy and the Doctor," Sandra Dee, Peter Fonda.
From July 10: "A Gathering of Eagles," Rock Hudson, Rod Taylor.

**Paramount,** B'way at 43rd. (WI 7-9400)
**HUD.**

**Rivoli,** B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
**CLEOPATRA.**

**State,** B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
**MUTINY ON THE BOUNTY.**

**Toho Cinema,** 209 W. 45th. (LT 1-1788)
**SANJURO** (in Japanese).

**Victoria,** B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
Through July 9: "El Cid," revival, Charlton Heston, Sophia Loren.
From July 10: "Greenwich Village Story," Robert Hogan, Melinda Plank.

**Warner,** B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
"PT 109," Cliff Robertson, Ty Hardin.

## EAST SIDE

**Art,** 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
**DAVID AND LISA.**

**New Charles,** Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210; evening performances only, except on Saturdays, Sundays, and Thursday, July 4.)
Through July 9: **LAST YEAR AT MARIENBAD** (in French), revival; and "The Naked Night" (in Swedish), revival, Harriet Andersson.
From July 10: **A COLD WIND IN AUGUST,** revival; and "The Nudist Story," a documentary film.

**Academy of Music,** 126 E. 14th. (GR 3-2277)
**THE LONGEST DAY.**

**Gramercy,** Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through July 9: **7 CAPITAL SINS** (in French); and **A STREETCAR NAMED DESIRE,** revival.
From July 10: **THE WRONG ARM OF THE LAW.**

**Kips Bay,** 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
"Call Me Bwana," Bob Hope, Anita Ekberg.

**Murray Hill,** 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
**MY NAME IS IVAN** (in Russian).

**Trans-Lux 52nd St.,** Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
"PT 109," Cliff Robertson, Ty Hardin.

**Sutton,** 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
**HEAVENS ABOVE!**

**Trans-Lux East,** 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
Through July 9: **THE UGLY AMERICAN.**
From July 10: "A Gathering of Eagles," Rock Hudson, Rod Taylor.

**R.K.O. 58th St.,** 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through July 9: "Spencer's Mountain," Henry Fonda, Maureen O'Hara; and "Black Gold," Phil Carey, Diane McBain.
From July 10: "55 Days at Peking," Charlton Heston, Ava Gardner.

**Fine Arts,** 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
**THE L-SHAPED ROOM.**

**Plaza,** 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
**DAVID AND LISA.**

**Baronet,** 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
"Irma la Douce," Jack Lemmon, Shirley MacLaine.

**Coronet,** 3rd Ave. at 59th. (PL 1-1535)
**HUD.**

**Cinema I,** 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"The Mouse on the Moon," Margaret Rutherford, Bernard Cribbins.

**Cinema II,** 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
**SPARROWS CAN'T SING.**

**Beekman,** 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"Murder at the Gallop," Margaret Rutherford, Flora Robson.

**68th St. Playhouse,** 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
**DR. NO.**

**Tower East,** 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
Through July 9: "The Brothers Karamazov," revival, Yul Brynner, Maria Schell.
From July 10: **THE FOUR DAYS OF NAPLES.**

**72nd St. Playhouse,** 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through July 9: **THE LONELINESS OF THE LONG DISTANCE RUNNER,** revival; and **ROOM AT THE TOP,** revival.
From July 10: **BILLY BUDD,** revival; and **SATURDAY NIGHT AND SUNDAY MORNING,** revival.

**Trans-Lux 85th St.,** Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
**THE LONGEST DAY.**

**R.K.O. 86th St.,** Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through July 9: "Spencer's Mountain," Henry Fonda, Maureen O'Hara; and "Black Gold," Phil Carey, Diane McBain.
From July 10: "55 Days at Peking," Charlton Heston, Ava Gardner.

**Orpheum,** 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through July 9: "Captain Sindbad," Guy Williams; and "Drums of Africa," Frankie Avalon.
From July 10: **THE FOUR DAYS OF NAPLES;** and "In the Cool of the Day," Jane Fonda, Peter Finch.

## WEST SIDE

**Bleecker St. Cinema,** 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (OR 4-3210)
Through July 8: **CITIZEN KANE,** revival; and **POTEMKIN** (silent).
From July 9: **GENEVIEVE,** revival; and "The Red Shoes," revival, Moira Shearer, Léonide Massine.

**Waverly,** 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
July 4: **A FACE IN THE CROWD,** revival; and **CARMEN JONES,** revival.
July 5-6: **GATE OF HELL** (in Japanese), revival; and "The Lovers" (in French), revival, Jeanne Moreau.
July 7-9: **THE ASPHALT JUNGLE,** revival; and **ASK ANY GIRL,** revival.
From July 10: "55 Days at Peking," Charlton Heston, Ava Gardner; and "The Sea Around Us," revival, a documentary film.

**8th St. Playhouse,** 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
**I KNOW WHERE I'M GOING,** revival; and **BRIEF ENCOUNTER,** revival.

**5th Ave. Cinema,** 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
Through July 10 (tentative): "The Third Lover" (in French), Jacques Charrier, Stephane Audran.

**Sheridan,** 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through July 9: "Captain Sindbad," Guy Williams; and "Drums of Africa," Frankie Avalon.
From July 10: **THE FOUR DAYS OF NAPLES;** and "In the Cool of the Day," Jane Fonda, Peter Finch.

**Greenwich,** Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through July 9: **7 CAPITAL SINS** (in French); and "Dentist in the Chair," Kenneth Connor.
From July 10: **THE WRONG ARM OF THE LAW;** and **A KIND OF LOVING,** revival.

**R.K.O. 23rd St.,** 8th Ave. at 23rd. (AL 5-7050)
Through July 9: "Tammy and the Doctor," Sandra Dee, Peter Fonda.
From July 10: "A Gathering of Eagles," Rock Hudson, Rod Taylor.

**Guild,** 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Women of the World," a documentary film narrated by Peter Ustinov.

**55th St. Playhouse,** 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
Through July 9: "The Third Lover" (in French), Jacques Charrier, Stephane Audran.
From July 10: "Greenwich Village Story," Robert Hogan, Melinda Plank.

**Festival,** 6 W. 57th. (LT 1-2323)
**8½** (in Italian).

**Trans-Lux Normandie,** 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
**WEST SIDE STORY,** revival.

**Little Carnegie,** 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-3454)
"Mondo Cane," an Italian documentary film, with an English narration.

**Carnegie Hall Cinema,** 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
"Hand in the Trap" (in Spanish), Elsa Daniel, Francisco Rabal.

**Paris,** 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
**DIVORCE—ITALIAN STYLE** (in Italian).

**Loew's 83rd St.,** B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)
Through July 9: "Captain Sindbad," Guy Williams; and "Drums of Africa," Frankie Avalon.
From July 10: **THE FOUR DAYS OF NAPLES;** and "In the Cool of the Day," Jane Fonda, Peter Finch.

**New Yorker,** B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
July 4: "The Horse Soldiers," revival, John Wayne, William Holden; and "Gideon of Scotland Yard," revival, Jack Hawkins, Dianne Foster.
July 5: **THE LONG VOYAGE HOME,** revival; and "She Wore a Yellow Ribbon," revival, John Wayne, Joanne Dru.
July 6: **STAGECOACH,** revival; and "The Searchers," revival, John Wayne, Ward Bond.
July 7-8 (last showing at 1): "The Quiet Man," revival, John Wayne, Maureen O'Hara; and "Wagonmaster," revival, Ben Johnson, Joanne Dru.
July 8, at 6, 8, and 10: "The Cat and the Canary" (silent), Laura La Plante; and "The Fall of the House of Usher" (silent).
July 9-10 (last showing at 1:40): "The Rising of the Moon," revival, with Cyril Cusack and other Abbey Theatre players; and "Sergeant Rutledge," revival, Jeffrey Hunter, Constance Towers.
July 10, at 6, 8, and 10: Five documentary films produced by the March of Time.

**Symphony,** B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through July 9: **DR. NO;** and "The Last Time I Saw Archie," revival, Robert Mitchum, Martha Hyer.
From July 10: **COMPULSION,** revival; and "The Stripper," Joanne Woodward, Richard Beymer.

**Thalia,** B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
July 4: "And God Created Woman" (in French), revival, Brigitte Bardot, Curt Jurgens; and "No Sun in Venice" (in French), revival, Françoise Arnoul, Christian Marquand.
July 5: **THE WALLS OF MALAPAGA** (in French and Italian), revival; and **GATES OF PARIS** (in French), revival.
July 6: **BREATHLESS** (in French), revival; and "Jenny Lamour" (in French), revival, Louis Jouvet.
July 7: "The Beggar's Opera," revival, Laurence Olivier; and "Boris Godunov" (in Russian), revival.
July 8: **CHAPLIN COMEDIES** (silent); plus ten Disney cartoons.
July 9: **LA BELLE AMÉRICAINE** (in French), revival; and "A Coming-Out Party," revival, James Robertson Justice, Leslie Phillips.
July 10: A program of five short films, dealing with psychology—"Broken Appointment," "Working and Playing to Health," and others.

**Riverside,** B'way at 96th. (MO 3-4530)
Through July 9: "Spencer's Mountain," Henry Fonda, Maureen O'Hara; and "Black Gold," Phil Carey, Diane McBain.
From July 10: "55 Days at Peking," Charlton Heston, Ava Gardner.

**Midtown,** B'way at 100th. (AC 2-1200)
Through July 9: **7 CAPITAL SINS** (in French).
From July 10: **THE WRONG ARM OF THE LAW.**

**Olympia,** B'way at 107th. (UN 5-8128)
Through July 9: "Captain Sindbad," Guy Williams; and "Drums of Africa," Frankie Avalon.
From July 10: **THE FOUR DAYS OF NAPLES;** and "In the Cool of the Day," Jane Fonda, Peter Finch.

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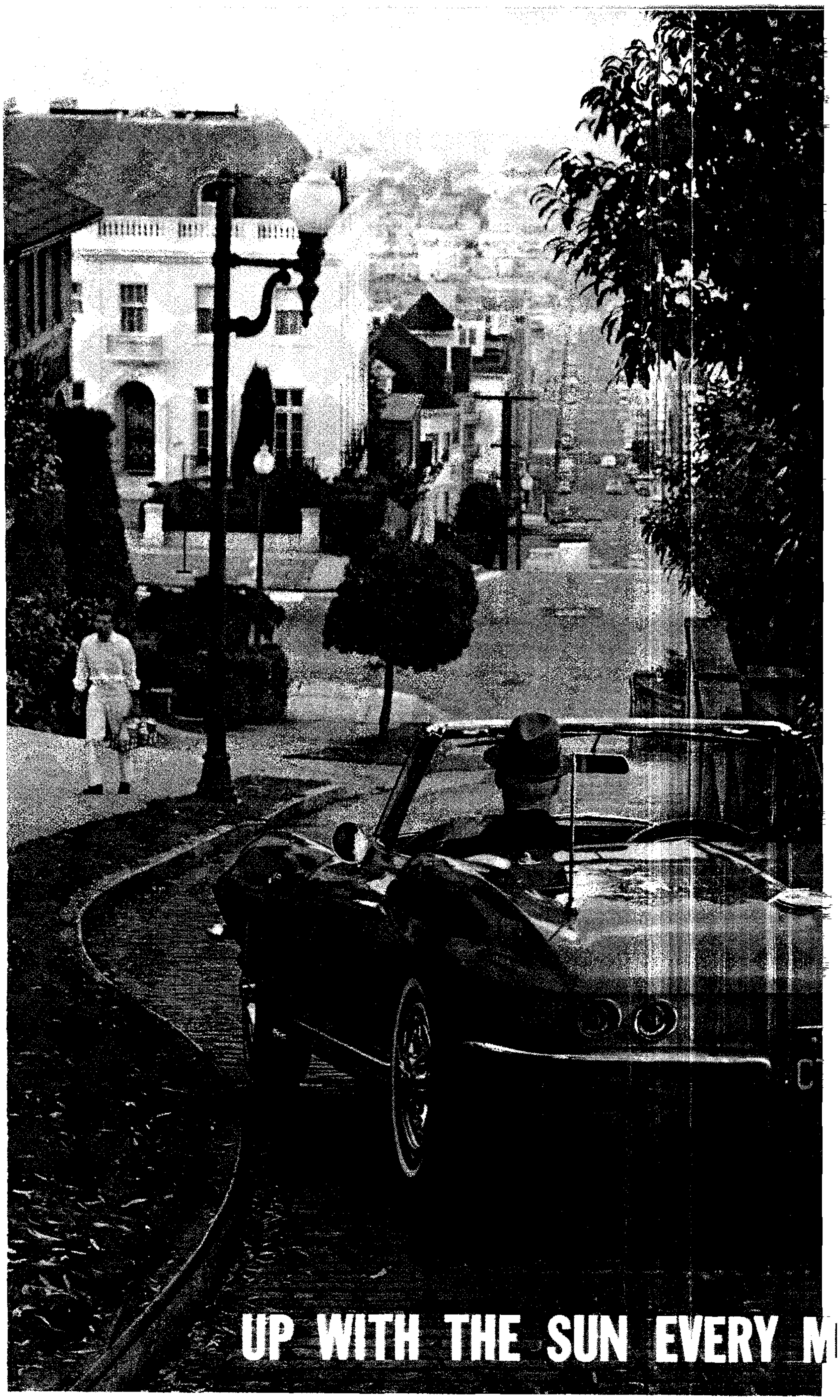

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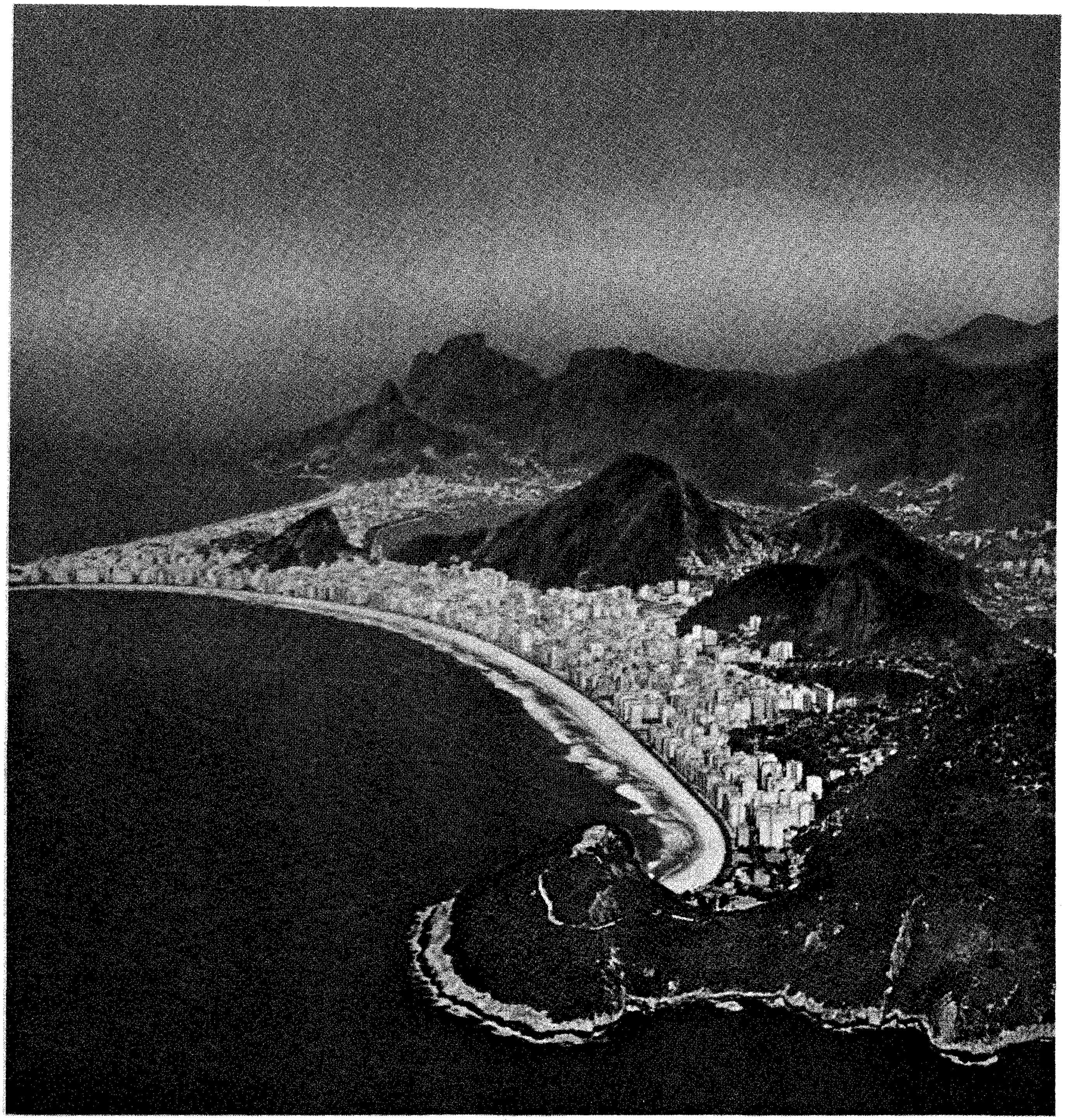

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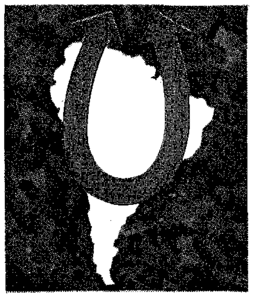

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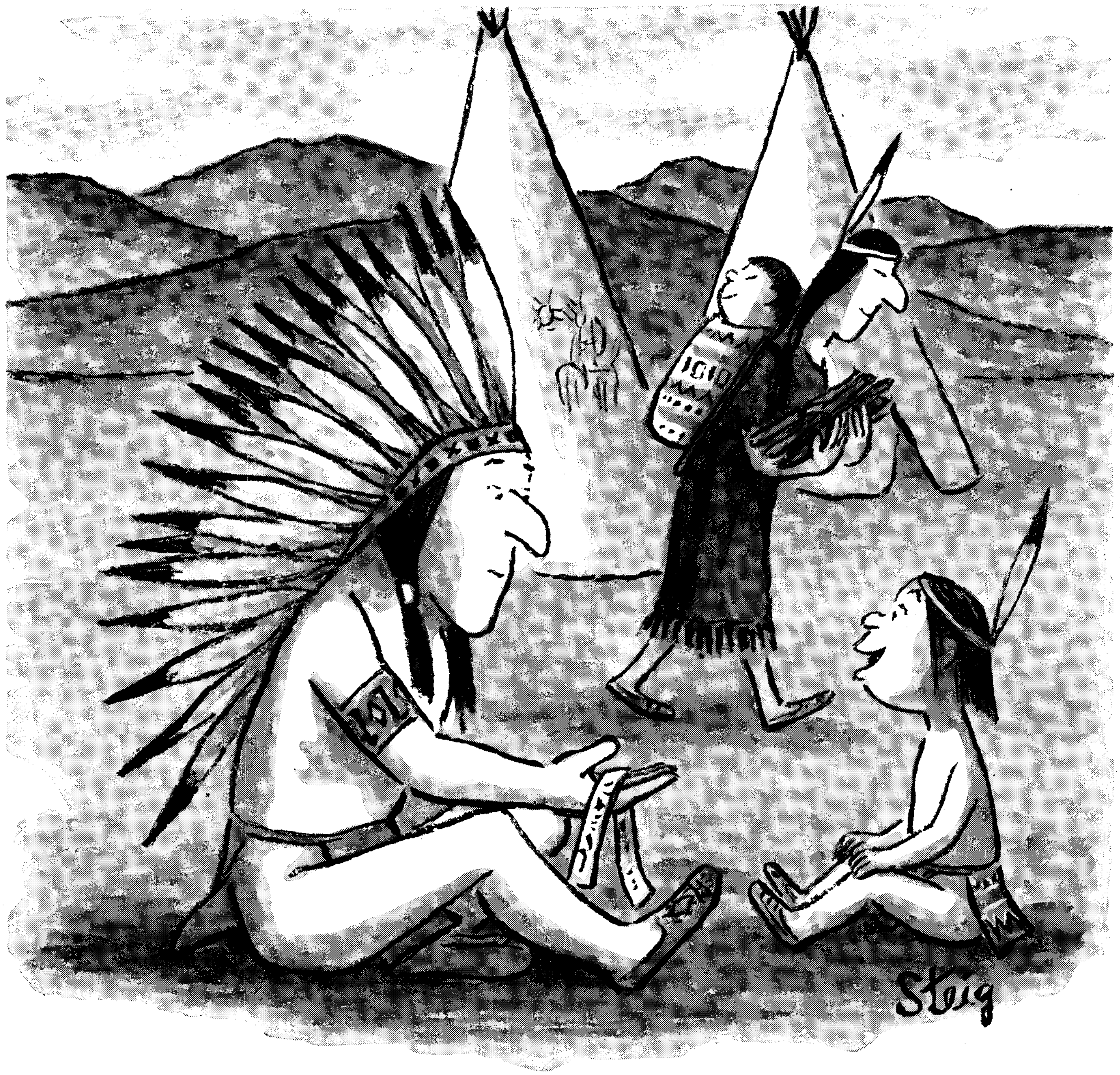

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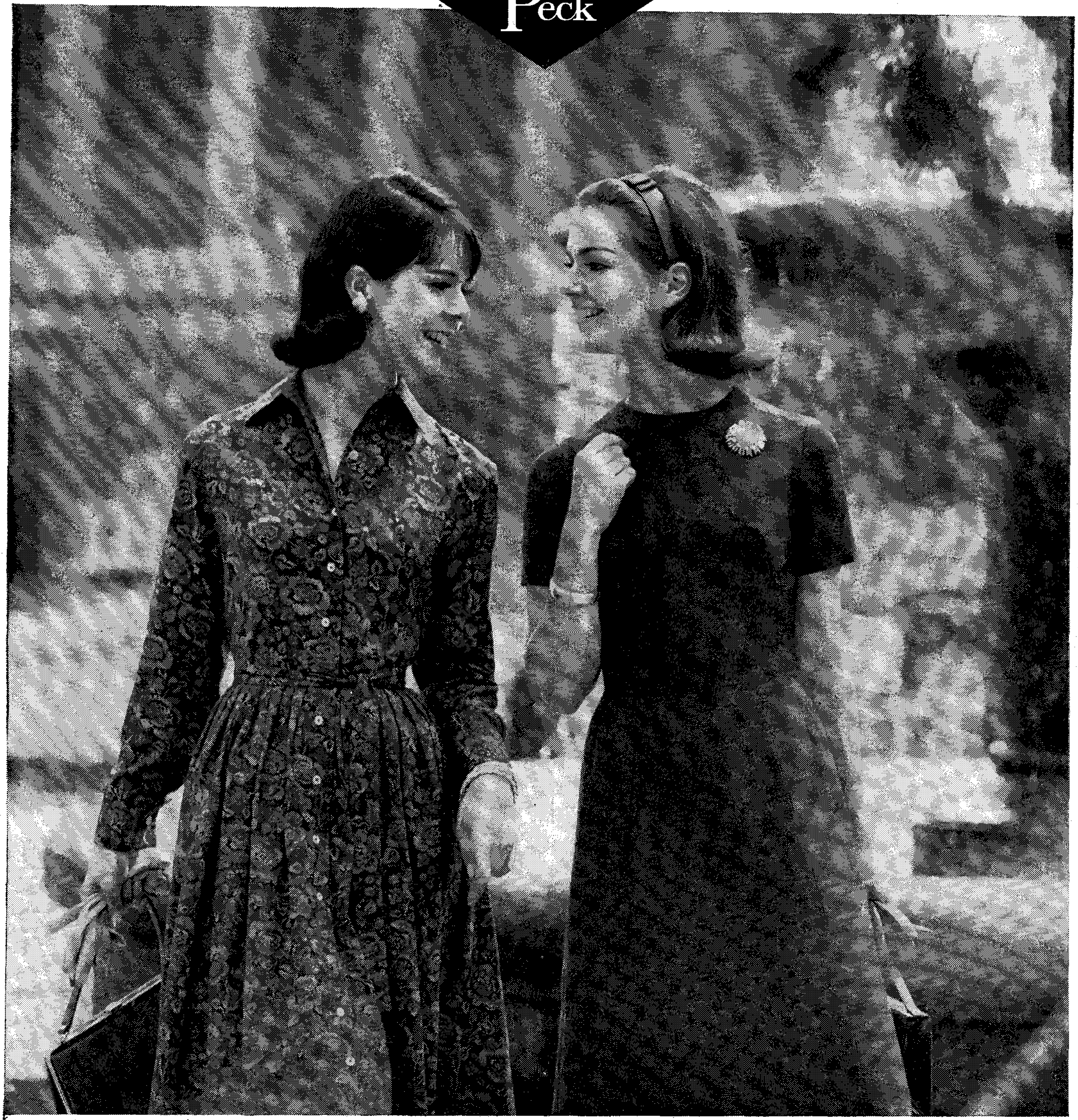

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*Exclusively Peck & Peck*

## Summer refreshment for the Peck & Peck Girl: the Haberdasher look

Ours alone: the print shirtwaist, newsy with long cuffed sleeves. Dacron® polyester and cotton in rust/gold or teal/gold, 8 to 16. Jr. shaped skimmer in crisp rayon/flax with vertical slot-seam pockets. Teal green or cranberry red, 5 to 15. Each, 25.00

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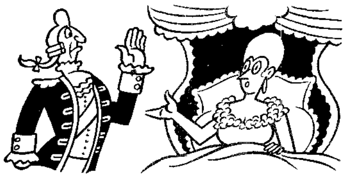
# THE NEW YORKER

# THE TALK OF THE TOWN

## *Notes and Comment*

THE Profumo case has reminded us of Mrs. Mary Anne Clarke (1776-1852), who in the fore part of her long and happy life was mistress of an authentic member of the British royal family—H.R.H. Frederick Augustus, who, as the second son of George III, was Duke of York and Commander-in-Chief of the Army, the latter a fair equivalent in those days of the post that Mr. Profumo held in the present Government. Frederick, a married man, was, to add to the impropriety of his conduct, Bishop of Osnabrück, in Germany—a title he had acquired before he decided to become a soldier, and could not bring himself to give up, because he relished the perquisites. An economical fellow all through (economy was a family characteristic of the House of Hanover), he would not grant his mistress an allowance commensurate with her tastes—she kept twenty servants in her house in Gloucester Place—but, instead, permitted her to have a monopoly on the sale of new commissions in the Army. Twenty-six hundred pounds (thirteen thousand dollars then) was her going price for a Majority, and she charged fifteen hundred for a Captaincy; she furnished a full schedule on request.



Commissions were customarily acquired by purchase as late as the Crimean War, as readers of Cecil Woodham-Smith's excellent "The Reason Why" will remember. But they were bought from their owners, so the sales of new commissions threatened a vested interest. It was as if the New York hack bureau should take to issuing extra taxi medallions at a fiat price below the market rate. In 1809, an Opposition backbencher, Colonel Gwillym Wardle, brought charges in the House against the Duke of York for trafficking in commissions, and there was a scandal that rocked the Realm and the Government, the latter headed by an eminence named Spencer Perceval, who ranks in the roster of Prime Ministers somewhere between Bonar Law and Stanley Baldwin. Not Security but the Integrity of Values was what the Duke was accused of Endangering to Further His Lust. The Government, thinking Wardle could be overawed, *insisted* on a Parliamentary investigation. Parliament voted, in the end, to acquit the Duke personally, though by a margin (278-196) hardly greater than that which recently sustained Mr. Macmillan in the Profumo case, and only on his promise to resign as Commander-in-Chief. He did. Mrs. Clarke, instead of selling the Duke's letters for publication, as Miss Christine Keeler has sold her story, got seven thousand quid down and four hundred a year for life from the Duke for *not* publishing them.

The crisis provoked some of Rowlandson's best drawings and some of William Cobbett's most horripilant thunder, and so added to Our Heritage. Yet though the Fabric of Government was shown to be Rotten Through and Through, it survived miraculously, and weathered Waterloo, the Luddite Riots, the loss of the America's Cup, and the Sepoy Mutiny, as well as a large number of Ministries no more talented than Perceval's and rulers no wittier than the Duke's father, who held that the scandal was all a Methodist plot. Mrs. Clarke, according to the invaluable biographical notes in the back of the Coles' edition of Cobbett's "Rural Rides," was "probably the daughter of a man named Thompson, and, according to herself, married Clarke, a stonemason, in 1794, and subsequently became an actress" before hooking up with the Duke. "In later life she was believed to be the mistress of the Marquess of Londonderry."

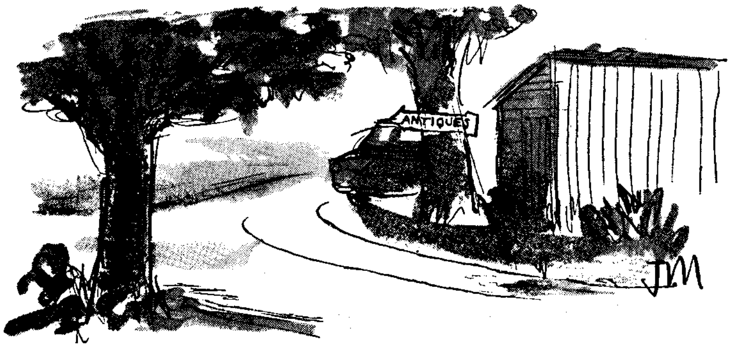
There are no perfect parallels in history, which would be the poorer if there were. History rhymes rather than stutters.

## *Free*

AMONG the dignitaries present here last week for the American première of Federico Fellini's "8½" was Signor Fellini himself, and this was particularly appropriate, because everything about the movie is a sort of mirror image; the script, begun by the famous Italian director at a time when he was very much at sea concerning the kind of picture he should tackle next, is about a famous Italian director who is very much at sea concerning the kind of picture he should tackle next, and it seemed only fair that at the opening a Fellini in the audience should be watching his double on the screen, played by Marcello Mastroianni. (To heighten the mirrorlike effect, Mastroianni was also in the audience, watching himself play Fellini, a role in which he is nearly always wearing one or another of Fellini's celebrated collection of hats.) Fellini has been quoted as saying that "8½" is "more than a confession," and when, in the course of a talk with him just before the première, we pressed him on this point, he acknowledged that most of the episodes in the film are derived from episodes in his own life, but added that he intends the whole to be taken in general terms, as a form of testament. "I hope I can say it is a picture about all men, and therefore about me," he said. "In any event, I could hardly say—could I?—that it was a picture about me, and therefore about all men."

A big, broad, dark-haired, dark-eyed, and oddly shaggy-looking man of forty-three, Fellini took care to apologize for the poor quality of his English, in which, it turned out, he was eloquent enough for all practical purposes. "I learned my English from the G.I.s in Rome right after the liberation," he said. "I made a living, such as it was, drawing souvenir sketches of them. Naturally, most of what I picked up from them was slang." Fellini, who had earlier tried his hand at scriptwriting, drifted from drawing funny faces to collaborating with Roberto Rossellini on the scripts of "Open City" and "Paisan." In 1952, he directed his first feature picture, "The White Sheik," and this was followed by "I Vitelloni," "La Strada" (starring Anthony Quinn and Fellini's wife, Giulietta Masina), "Il Bidone," "The Nights of Cabiria" (again with Miss Masina), and "La Dolce Vita," which gained him worldwide fame. He has also directed parts of three omnibus films, the most recent of them being "Boccaccio '70." (The title "8½" represents, according to Fellini's rather peculiar arithmetic, the total number of pictures he has made to date.)

Three writers worked with Fellini on a rough script of "8½," but the script was by no means always followed. Up to the very moment of shooting a scene, Fellini is never altogether sure of what he wishes it to be. Historians of the art of the film have often repeated his statement that a picture shouldn't aim at the autonomy of art but should have mistakes in it, "like life, like people." Fellini is convinced that if he began with a finished script, as Ingmar Bergman and many other directors do, the picture that resulted would be dead. "I'd feel that the thing had already been accomplished in the writing—I'd have no interest in trying to film it," he said. "I love to improvise; something unexpected and lucky in one scene opens the door to another scene, and then to another. In '8½,' I began with the idea of a man retreating from reality, and I wound up with a picture about a man confronting half a dozen different problems at once. I must say, I didn't expect it to be quite so autobiographical. At the start, I kept wondering, 'What shall we make the hero's occupation? Lawyer? Engineer? Doctor?' But they all seemed false; I didn't know those occupations well enough to make them true to the particular truth I was trying to tell. So at last I said, 'Let's make the hero a movie director, like me,' and everything instantly fell into place. Never have I had so easy a time with a picture. Some people have suggested that it might prove a hazard for me to have had my say, in my own person, this early in my career, but I'm not worried. On the contrary, I have a feeling that this picture has set me free—that from now on I'll be able to make a dozen different kinds of pictures, or a hundred. I'm not clear yet what my next picture will be. Nevertheless, I'm full of confidence about it."



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GASTRO-INTESTINAL INTELLIGENCE: Customers of the Automat at Twenty-third Street and Park Avenue South have a choice, depending on their selection of coin slots, of "Huckleberry Pie" or "Fresh Huckleberry Pie." They cost the same.

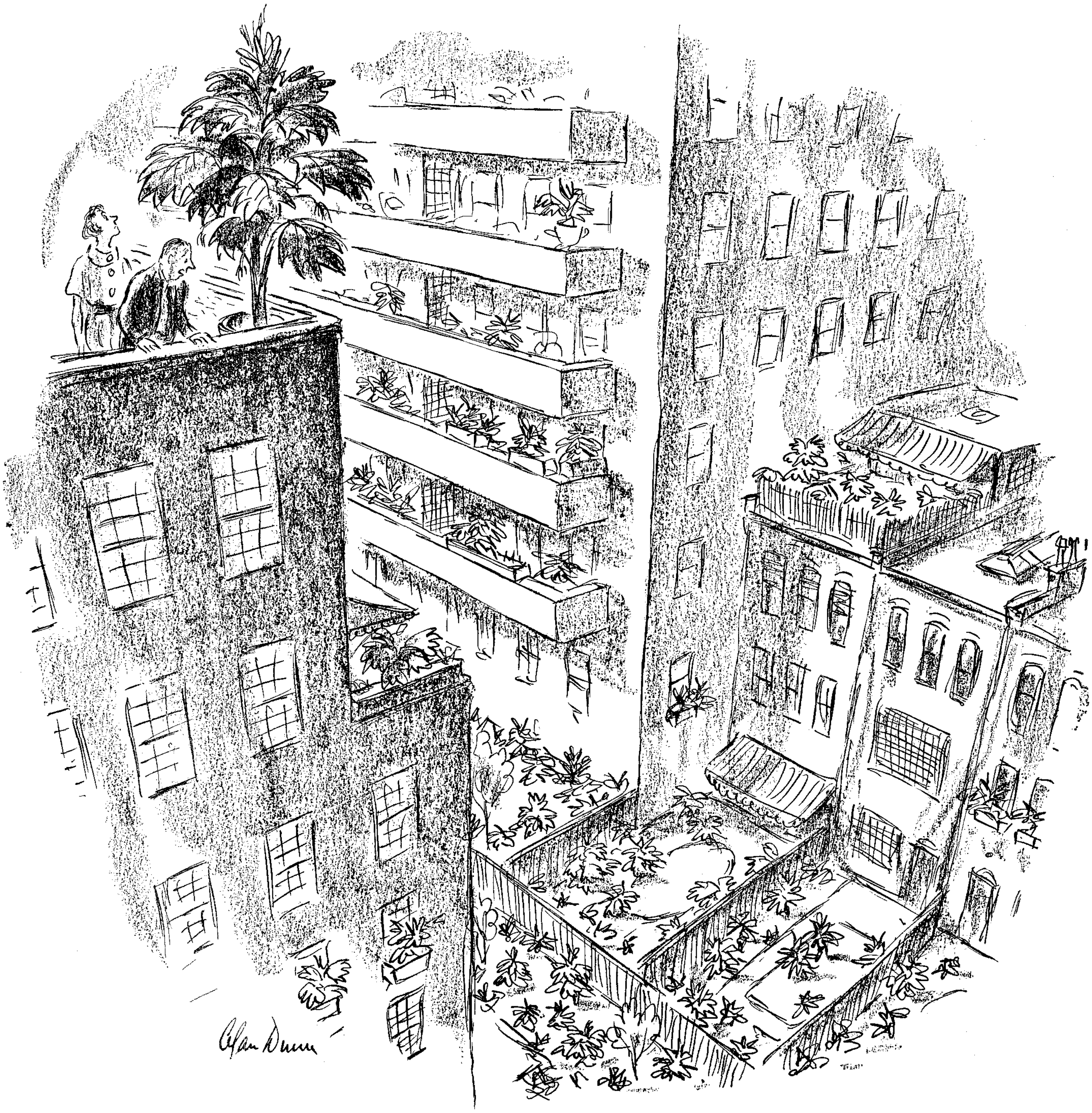
## *Hilton Opening*

No doubt because some vast electronic machine went off its rocker (to use a metaphor combining the old and the new), we received no fewer than six invitations to "celebrate" or "salute," at six events on four successive days, the opening of the New York Hilton at Rockefeller Center, as the new hotel is officially called. All were engraved; all bore the names, as hosts, of Mr. Percy Uris, chairman, Rock-Hil-Uris Corporation; Mr. Conrad N. Hilton, president, Hilton Hotels Corporation; and Mr. Laurance S. Rockefeller, chairman, Rockefeller Center, Inc. These redundantly hospitable men cordially invited us, took pleasure in inviting us, and requested the pleasure of our presence, to or at (1) a Gala Press Preview and Buffet Dinner on Tuesday; (2) a "high-noon" opening, "followed by Luncheon in the Grand Ballroom," on Wednesday; (3) a Midsummer Night Gala Ball that night; (4) a reception and luncheon on Thursday; (5) a Friday "twelve-noon" reception and luncheon; and (6) a 4:30 P.M. reception, also on Friday. What a week stretched before us! We accepted, in longhand, all six invitations, and received, for our pains, tickets of admission and identification buttons for all six functions. Each of the tickets except Wednesday's, which was plain white, was bordered in a different color, and the buttons' enamel backgrounds were of corresponding colors. Superimposed on these fields was a strange device, in gold, of which we read, in a leaflet that accompanied every button-and-ticket set:

> The mark for The New York Hilton at Rockefeller Center was created by Lester Beall, considered one of the foremost graphic designers in America. Round, to suggest our world, it has inside it echoes of a global theme. The swirling, pennant-like image at the left suggests flags as they appear in the plaza at Rockefeller Center; it also recalls the shields of Western Hemisphere nations on the Avenue of the Americas. To the right is a stylized globe, its meridians emphasizing once again the international setting of the hotel and the hospitality offered by Hilton Hotels around the world.

Well, we attended the preview, and found two receiving lines on the lobby floor, one headed by Mr. Joseph P. Binns, managing director of the hotel, and Mrs. Binns, and the other by Mr. Eugene Voit, its general manager, and Mrs. Voit. Handshakes over, we escalated to the second-floor promenade, where two circular bars surrounded two two-story wells embellished with clumps of silver birches (real) bedded in blankets of grass (artificial). "I don't know what it means, but I like it," one of two thousand swirling guests said of a fifteen-foot-high fused-metal abstract sculpture suspended in a third well. We consulted a press kit we had picked up, and identified this as "Elysian Fields," by Ibram Lassaw. An hour or two later, after we had sampled a good many canapés and a fraction of the rest of the hotel's art collection—more than eight thousand paintings, pieces of sculpture, and examples of the graphic arts—we cornered Mr. Binns and besought him for a word on himself.

"I was born in Winona, Ohio, and moved, as



*"Look! It seeds itself!"*

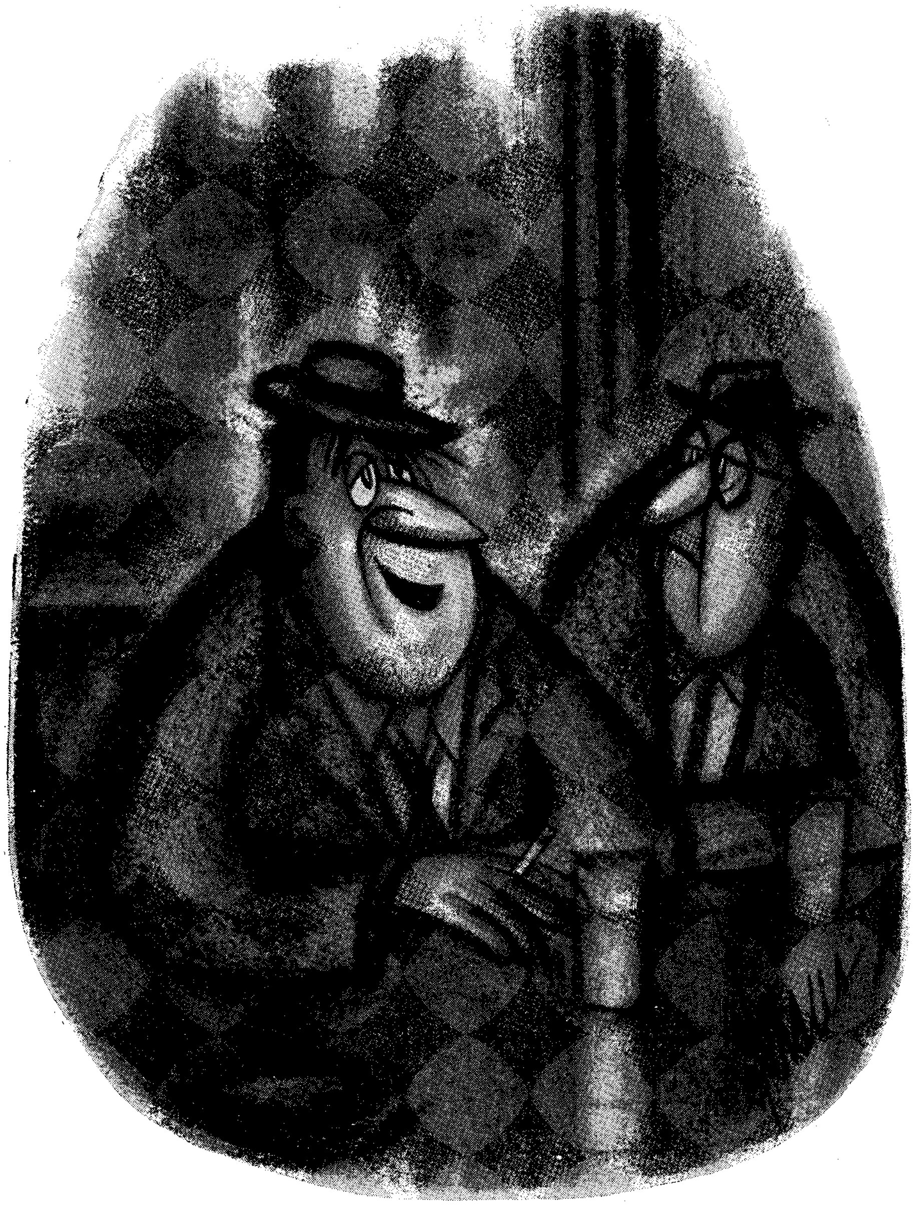
• •

a child, to Philadelphia," he said. "There, when I was twelve, I met two Quaker spinsters, who gave me a summer job in a boarding house they ran. I lived in a room in the cellar. Another summer, I got a job in an inn in the Poconos—part busboy, part caddie. One of the people I caddied for was Henry Leeds, whose company, Leeds & Lippincott, owns Chalfonte-Haddon Hall, in Atlantic City. I worked for him there in my teens." The Wharton School of Finance and Commerce followed, then Cornell, and a succession of increasingly responsible hotel posts—at the Stevens and the Palmer House, in Chicago, and the Plaza and the Waldorf, in New York—interrupted by a succession of wartime posts, which culminated in a colonelcy in the Air Transport Command (half a dozen medals, including the Legion of Merit and the Croix de Guerre with palm and star). "We have sixty hotels and inns all over the world," Mr. Binns said. "I personally worked for ten years on the plans for the Rome Hilton, which opened early last month. We've just opened the Tokyo Hilton. Have you seen our Rue des Gourmets here, with restaurants representing Italy, France, Spain, and New Orleans at the turn of the century, plus a Turkish cocktail lounge—all designed by Bill Pahlmann? In our art, we're trying to follow, in a very modest way, what Mr. David Rockefeller did in the Chase Manhattan headquarters building. If every piece of glass, silver, and china used at the New York Hilton were placed on a piece of string, with a yard between it and the next piece, the line would reach from Cape Canaveral up to an astronaut as he completed the first circle of the earth."

We never did get to the five other Hilton parties, having by then read our *Times* and regretfully decided to pass up the opportunity to wear as many hats as Mastroianni playing Fellini. Thursday's lunch was described in the *Times* as being for "industries and business organizations," and of Friday's twelve-nooner it said, "The hotel will entertain travel agents at a . . . luncheon and reception." Instead, we travelled to the Encyclopedia Americana and looked up Rockefeller Center, which is described as "situated between Fifth Avenue and Avenue of the Americas (Sixth Avenue), 48th and 51st Streets." The N.Y.H.A.R.C. is between Fifty-third and Fifty-fourth, but this is an expansive era.

## *Lode*

NEW YORK, though it sometimes seems to be foundering in a sea whose troughs are Con Ed excavations and whose peaks are mostly glass and concrete, still has its small surprises. A lady we know, who lives in the East Fifties, dropped into a stationery-and-cigar store on Second Avenue to buy a couple of magazines—*Vogue, Look,* something like that. Anyway, the total cost was under a dollar, and the odd thing was that when she offered a five-dollar bill in payment, she was handed back, along with the small change, four shiny new silver dollars. Like any true New Yorker, she asked for no explanation, and the proprietor didn't offer one. He just gave her the four silver dollars, and she took them. But as she walked off, with her magazines and her unexpectedly heavy purse, she had, she confessed to us later, a feeling of puzzlement. Had the proprietor just come back from Las Vegas? Were there silver mines operating secretly under Second Avenue? At any rate, she says, it all gave her a curiously heady feeling, as if she'd come upon a mother lode, of a sort, herself.

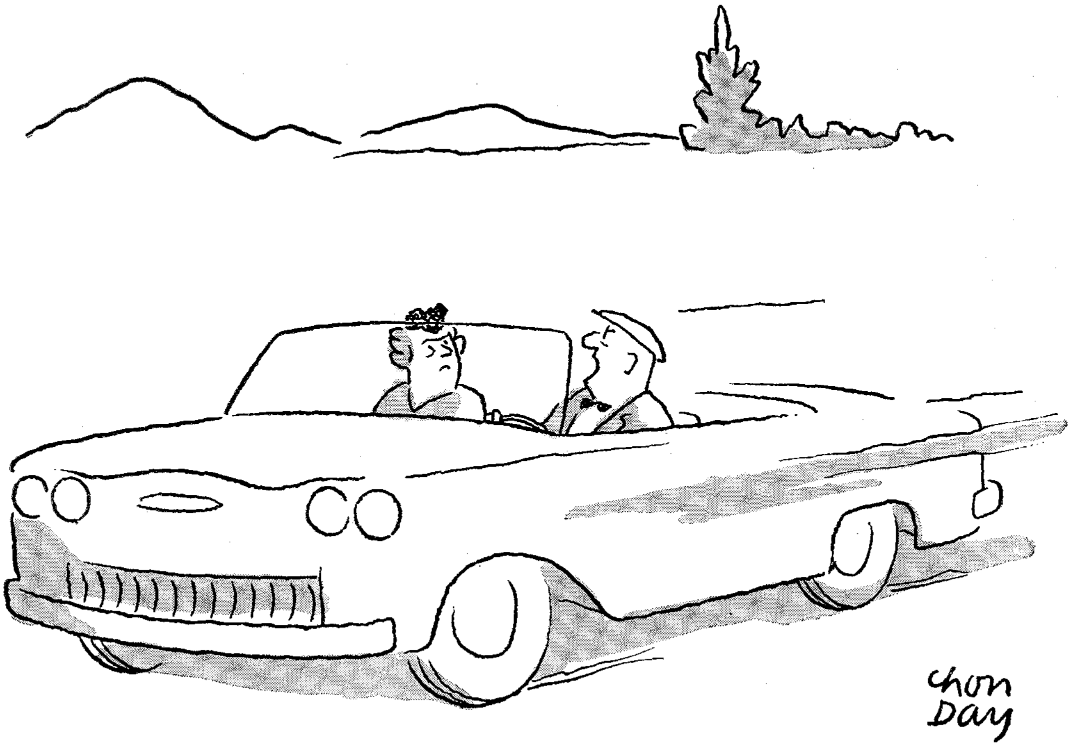


"*Whenever I call Annie, I dial 684-1656 but I* think *Murray Hill 4-1656.*"

## *Man in Havana*

BECAUSE orthodox approaches to the alleviation of the human suffering, anxiety, and injustice in the world seem to have proved less and less effective of late, our admiration for people who try unorthodox approaches has tended to become more and more intense. For this reason, it is with great pleasure that we tell you about a recent chat we had with Mr. James B. Donovan, the lawyer whose privately conducted and highly unorthodox negotiations with the Cuban government over the past year have resulted in the shipment to Cuba of fifty-three million dollars' worth of donated drugs, medicines, and baby foods for the relief of the Cuban people, and the release of all eleven hundred and sixty-three survivors of the Bay of Pigs invasion, of nearly five thousand relatives of the survivors and other political prisoners, and of thirty-five Americans and their families who were being detained in Cuba on a variety of charges. Mr. Donovan is a stocky, pink-faced man in his late forties, with blue eyes, a prominent forehead topped by a receding thatch of prematurely white hair, and a kindly, soft-spoken manner, which serves to heighten the effect of his frank pronouncements setting forth his forceful convictions.

"I have been dismayed by the consistently material basis of much of the public and private analysis of my mission to Cuba," Mr. Donovan told us the other afternoon when we called upon him at the offices of Watters & Donovan, a downtown law firm, in which he is a partner. "In fact, I find it a sad and sobering commentary on the general outlook of our materialistic society." He sat down in a swivel chair behind his desk, put on a pair of dark-rimmed glasses, and said that in his opinion there had been far too much concern with the *quid-pro-quo* aspect of his negotiations for the release of the prisoners and too much worry about whether the fifty-three million dollars' worth of drugs, medicines, and baby foods would strengthen the Cuban economy and the government of Premier Castro. "Most people seem to disregard, except in terms of the propaganda value for the United States, the extent to which these drugs, medicines, and baby foods have succored the sick, the young, and the elderly



*"Hertz didn't put you in the driver's seat, Hertz put me in the driver's seat!"*

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people of a nation that is in dire need of such supplies," he continued. "In the mail I receive and in the accounts I read, I find that the word most commonly used to describe the exchange agreements I have made with the Cuban government is the word 'ransom,' which is, of course, a term of opprobrium. What seems to have been virtually forgotten is that to seek and effect the release of captives is fundamentally a gesture of charity and mercy."

At this point, a secretary came in and informed Mr. Donovan that he had a long-distance phone call, and, saying that he had been expecting it all afternoon, he excused himself to take it in an anteroom. When he returned to the office, a few minutes later, he resumed his seat behind the desk and, with a wry smile and a shake of his head, told us that he had been talking with Havana. "It's a strange world I seem to be living in," he said. "In spite of constant turmoil, this tiny humanitarian channel between myself and Havana has remained open. I regard it as a very hopeful sign, and I trust that, in the best interests of both the Cuban and the American people, it will continue to remain open." Mr. Donovan lit a cigarette, took a few puffs, and then told us that during the past year he had received several letters asking if, by any chance, he knew of, or was a member of, a religious order called the Mercedarians. "Since they seemed to be responsible letters—and heaven only knows I get enough of the other kind—I looked into the matter, and discovered that the Mercedarian Order, which is officially known as the Glorious, Royal and Military Order of Our Lady of Mercy or Ransom, was founded early in the thirteenth century by a group of Spanish noblemen for the express purpose of seeking the release of Christians who were being held captive by the Moors," he said. "The Mercedarians even went as far as to offer themselves as substitutes for prisoners who were slaves on Moorish galleys, but what I found particularly interesting about them, especially in terms of my own mission, was that whenever it was possible, they tried to accomplish their objective by the performance of corporal works of mercy, such as feeding the hungry, clothing the naked, sheltering the homeless, and tending the sick."

Mr. Donovan stubbed his cigarette out in an ashtray, and went on to say that the courage the early Mercedarians exhibited in entering a hostile society to perform acts of charity had been a source of inspiration to him. "On my next-to-last visit to Havana, which occurred over the weekend of Palm Sunday, I took my eighteen-year-old son with me," he said. "Premier Castro, who has a thirteen-year-old son of his own, seemed to be greatly impressed by this gesture of confidence on my part. He took my son skin-diving and spear-fishing, and I am convinced that it was largely because I had brought the boy along that I was able, during that weekend, to obtain his permission to bring out the thirty-five American prisoners, which I did at the end of April. At the present time, I am trying to persuade Castro to grant a general amnesty to Cubans convicted of non-violent crimes, and hoping to convince him that the rule of law ought to be restored in his country. I look upon my mission to Cuba, which I have undertaken without remuneration in behalf of the Cuban Families Committee for the Liberation of Prisoners of War, as a *pro-bono-publico* assignment, and I have found it tremendously rewarding. The Talmud says, you know, that to save one life is to save the whole world. To that noble precept I can only add my own hope that whatever the pressures of the Cold War may prove to be, we Americans will always be ready to perform works of mercy wherever they are needed."

## *Stream of Unconsciousness*

A WORKER in the Madison Avenue vineyard has just forwarded us this memo from the Creative Director of the advertising agency for which he toils:

To the Staff

Excite.
Grow.
Plan.
Consolidate.
Push.
Grow.
Organize.
Breakthrough.
Quality.
Awards.
Organize.
Excite.
Grow.
Production.
Growth.
Congratulations.
Organize.
Grow.
Quality.

Our informant says he doesn't know what to make of this but he's trying to grow like sixty.

# WHERE IS THE VOICE COMING FROM?

I SAYS to my wife, "You can reach and turn it off. You don't have to set and look at a black nigger face no longer than you want to, or listen to what you don't want to hear. It's still a free country."

I reckon that's how I give myself the idea.

I says, I could find right exactly where in Thermopylae that nigger's living that's asking for equal time. And without a bit of trouble to me.

And I ain't saying it might not be because that's pretty close to where *I* live. The other hand, there could be reasons you might have yourself for knowing how to get there in the dark. It's where you all go for the thing you want when you want it the most. Ain't that right?

The Branch Bank sign tells you in lights, all night long even, what time it is and how hot. When it was quarter to four, and 92, that was me going by in my brother-in-law's truck. He don't deliver nothing at that hour of the morning.

So you leave Four Corners and head west on Nathan B. Forrest Road, past the Surplus & Salvage, not much beyond the Kum Back Drive-In and Trailer Camp, not as far as where the signs starts saying "Live Bait," "Used Parts," "Fireworks," "Peaches," and "Sister Peebles Reader and Adviser." Turn before you hit the city limits and duck back towards the I.C. tracks. And his street's been paved.

And there was his light on, waiting for me. In his garage, if you please. His car's gone. He's out planning still some other ways to do what we tell 'em they can't. I *thought* I'd beat him home. All I had to do was pick my tree and walk in close behind it.

I didn't come expecting not to wait. But it was so hot, all I did was hope and pray one or the other of us wouldn't melt before it was over.

Now, it wasn't no bargain I'd struck.

I've heard what you've heard about Goat Dykeman, in Mississippi. Sure, everybody knows about Goat Dykeman. Goat he got word to the Governor's Mansion he'd go up yonder and shoot that nigger Meredith clean out of school, if he's let out of the pen to do it. Old Ross turned *that* over in his mind before saying him nay, it stands to reason.

I ain't no Goat Dykeman, I ain't in no pen, and I ain't ask no Governor Barnett to give me one thing. Unless he wants to give me a pat on the back for the trouble I took this morning. But he don't have to if he don't want to. I done what I done for my own pure-D satisfaction.

As soon as I heard wheels, I knowed who was coming. That was him and bound to be him. It was the right nigger heading in a new white car up his driveway towards his garage with the light shining, but stopping before he got there, maybe not to wake 'em. That was him. I knowed it when he cut off the car lights and put his foot out and I knowed him standing dark against the light. I knowed him then like I know me now. I knowed him even by his still, listening back.

Never seen him before, never seen him since, never seen anything of his black face but his picture, never seen his face alive, any time at all, or anywheres, and didn't want to, need to, never hope to see that face and never will. As long as there was no question in my mind.

He had to be the one. He stood right still and waited against the light, his back was fixed, fixed on me like a preacher's eyeballs when he's yelling "Are you saved?" He's the one.

I'd already brought up my rifle, I'd already taken my sights. And I'd already got him, because it was too late then for him or me to turn by one hair.

Something darker than him, like the wings of a bird, spread on his back and pulled him down. He climbed up once, like a man under bad claws, and like just blood could weigh a ton he walked with it on his back to better light. Didn't get no further than his door. And fell to stay.

He was down. He was down, and a ton load of bricks on his back wouldn't have laid any heavier. There on his paved driveway, yes sir.

And it wasn't till the minute before, that the mockingbird had quit singing. He'd been singing up my sassafras tree. Either he was up early, or he hadn't never gone to bed, he was like me. And the mocker he'd stayed right with me, filling the air till come the crack, till I turned loose of my load. I was like him. I was on top of the world myself. For once.

I stepped to the edge of his light there, where he's laying flat. I says, "Roland? There was one way left, for me to be ahead of you and stay ahead of you, by Dad, and I just taken it. Now I'm alive and you ain't. We ain't never now, never going to be equals and you know why? One of us is dead. What about that, Roland?" I said. "Well, you seen to it, didn't you?"

I stood a minute—just to see would somebody inside come out long enough to pick him up. And there she comes, the woman. I doubt she'd been to sleep. Because it seemed to me she'd been in there keeping awake all along.

It was mighty green where I skint over the yard getting back. That nigger wife of his, she wanted nice grass! I bet my wife would hate to pay her water bill. And for burning her electricity. And there's my brother-in-law's truck, still waiting with the door open. "No Riders"—that didn't mean me.

There wasn't a thing I been able to think of since would have made it to go any nicer. Except a chair to my back while I was putting in my waiting. But going home, I seen what little time it takes after all to get a thing done like you really want it. It was 4:34, and while I was looking it moved to 35. And the temperature stuck where it was. All that night I guarantee you it had stood without dropping, a good 92.

My wife says, "What? Didn't the skeeters bite you?" She said, "Well, they been asking that—why somebody didn't trouble to load a rifle and get some of these agitators out of Thermopylae. Didn't the fella keep drumming it in, what a good idea? The one that writes a column ever' day?"

I says to my wife, "Find *some* way I don't get the credit."

"He says do it for Thermopylae," she says. "Don't you ever skim the paper?"

I says, "Thermopylae never done nothing for me. And I don't owe nothing to Thermopylae. Didn't do it for you. Hell, any more'n I'd do something or other for them Kennedys! I done it for my own pure-D satisfaction."

"It's going to get him right back on TV," says my wife. "You watch for the funeral."

I says, "You didn't even leave a light burning when you went to bed. So how was I supposed to even get me home or pull Buddy's truck up safe in our front yard?"

"Well, hear another good joke on you," my wife says next. "Didn't you hear the news? The N. double A. C. P. is fixing to send somebody to Thermopylae. Why couldn't you waited? You might could have got you somebody better. Listen and hear 'em say so."

I ain't but one. I reckon you have to tell *somebody*.

"Where's the gun, then?" my wife says. "What did you do with our protection?"

I says, "It was scorching! It was scorching!" I told her, "It's laying out on the ground in rank weeds, trying to cool off, that's what it's doing now."

"You dropped it," she says. "Back there."

And I told her, "Because I'm so tired of ever'thing in the world being just that hot to the touch! The keys to the truck, the doorknob, the bedsheet, ever'thing, it's all like a stove lid. There just ain't much going that's worth holding onto it no more," I says, "when it's a hundred and two in the shade by day and by night not too much difference. I wish *you'd* laid *your* finger to that gun."

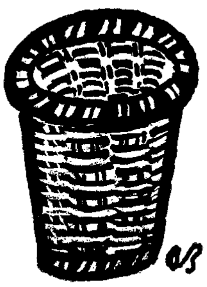
"Trust you to come off and leave it," my wife says.

"Is that how no-'count I am?" she makes me ask. "*You* want to go back and get it?"

"You're the one they'll catch. I say it's so hot that even if you get to sleep you wake up feeling like you cried all night!" says my wife. "Cheer up, here's one more joke before time to get up. Heard what *Caroline* said? Caroline said, 'Daddy, I just can't wait to grow up big, so I can marry *James Meredith*.' I heard that where I work. One rich-bitch to another one, to make her cackle."

"At least I kept some dern teen-ager from North Thermopylae getting there and doing it first," I says. "Driving his own car."

ON TV and in the paper, they don't know but half of it. They know who Roland Summers was without knowing who I am. His face was in front of the public before I got rid of him, and after I got rid of him there it is again—the same picture. And none of me. I ain't ever had one made. Not ever! The best that newspaper could do for me was offer a five-hundred-dollar reward for finding out who I am. For as long as they don't know who that is, whoever shot Roland is worth a good deal more right now than Roland is.



But by the time I was moving around uptown, it was hotter still. That pavement in the middle of Main Street was so hot to my feet I might've been walking the barrel of my gun. If the whole world could've just felt Main Street this morning through the soles of my shoes, maybe it would've helped some.

Then the first thing I heard 'em say was the N. double A. C. P. done it themselves, killed Roland Summers, and proved it by saying the shooting was done by a expert (I hope to tell you it was!) and at just the right hour and minute to get the whites in trouble.

You can't win.

"They'll never find him," the old man trying to sell roasted peanuts tells me to my face.

And it's so hot.

It looks like the town's on fire already, whichever ways you turn, ever' street you strike, because there's those trees hanging them pones of bloom like split watermelon. And a thousand cops crowding ever'where you go, half of 'em too young to start shaving, but all streaming sweat alike. I'm getting tired of 'em.

I was already tired of seeing a hundred cops getting us white people nowheres. Back at the beginning, I stood on the corner and I watched them new babyface cops loading nothing but nigger children into the paddy wagon and they come marching out of a little parade and into the paddy wagon singing. And they got in and sat down without providing a speck of trouble, and their hands held little new American flags, and all the cops could do was knock them flagsticks a-loose from their hands, and not let 'em pick 'em up, that was all, and give 'em a free ride. And children can just get 'em more flags.

Everybody: It don't get you nowhere to take nothing from nobody unless you make sure it's for keeps, for good and all, for ever and amen.

I won't be sorry to see them brickbats hail down on us for a change. Pop bottles too, they can come flying whenever they want to. Hundreds, all to smash, like Birmingham. I'm waiting on 'em to bring out them switchblade knives, like Harlem and Chicago. Watch TV long enough and you'll see it all to happen on Deacon Street in Thermopylae. What's holding it back, that's all?—Because it's *in* 'em.

I'm ready myself for that funeral.

Oh, they may find me. May catch me one day in spite of 'emselves. (But I grew up in the country.) May try to railroad me into the electric chair, and what that amounts to is something hotter than yesterday and today put together.

But I advise 'em to go careful. Ain't it about time us taxpayers starts to calling the moves? Starts to telling the teachers *and* the preachers *and* the judges of our so-called courts how far they can go?

Even the President so far, he can't walk in my house without being invited, like he's my daddy, just to say whoa. Not yet!

Once, I run away from my home. And there was a ad for me, come to be printed in our county weekly. My mother paid for it. It was from her. It says: "SON: You are not being hunted for anything but to find you." That time, I come on back home.

But people are dead now.

And it's so hot. Without it even being August yet.

Anyways, I seen him fall. I was evermore the one.

So I reach me down my old guitar off the nail in the wall. 'Cause I've got my guitar, what I've held onto from way back when, and I never dropped that, never lost or forgot it, never hocked it but to get it again, never give it away, and I set in my chair, with nobody home but me, and I start to play, and sing a-Down. And sing a-down, down, down, down. Sing a-down, down, down, down. Down.

—EUDORA WELTY

# THE ROSE

## I

There are those to whom place is unimportant,
But this place, where sea and fresh water meet,
Is important—
Where the hawks sway out into the wind
Without a single wingbeat,
And the eagles sail low over the fir trees,
And the gulls cry against the crows
In the curved harbors,
And the tide rises up against the grass
Nibbled by sheep and rabbits.

A time for watching the tide,
For the heron's hieratic fishing,
For the sleepy cries of the towhee—
The morning birds gone, the twittering finches,
But still the flash of the kingfisher, the wingbeat of the
scoter,
The sun a ball of fire coming down over the water,
The last geese crossing against the reflected afterlight,
The moon retreating into a vague cloud shape
To the cries of the owl, the eerie whooper.
The old log subsides with the lessening waves,
And there is silence.

I sway outside myself
Into the darkening currents,
Into the small spillage of driftwood,
The waters swirling past the tiny headlands.
Was it here I wore a crown of birds for a moment
While on a far point of the rocks
The light heightened,
And below, in a mist out of nowhere,
The first rain gathered?

## II

As when a ship sails with a light wind—
The waves less than the ripples made by rising fish,
The lacelike wrinkles of the wake widening, thinning out,
Sliding away from the traveller's eye,
The prow pitching easily up and down,
The whole ship rolling slightly sideways,
The stern high, dipping like a child's boat in a pond—
Our motion continues.

But this rose, this rose in the sea-wind,
Stays,
Stays in its true place,
Flowering out of the dark,
Widening at high noon, face upward,
A single wild rose, struggling out of the white embrace of
the morning glory,
Out of the briary hedge, the tangle of matted underbrush,
Beyond the clover, the ragged hay,
Beyond the sea pine, the oak, the wind-tipped madroña,
Moving with the waves, the undulating driftwood,
Where the slow creek winds down to the black sand of
the shore
With its thick grassy scum and crabs scuttling back into
their glistening craters.
And I think of roses, roses,
White and red, in the wide six-hundred-foot greenhouses,
And my father standing astride the cement benches,
Lifting me high over the four-foot stems, the Mrs. Russells,
and his own elaborate hybrids,
And how those flowerheads seemed to flow toward me, to
beckon me, only a child, out of myself.

What need for Heaven, then,
With that man, and those roses?

## III

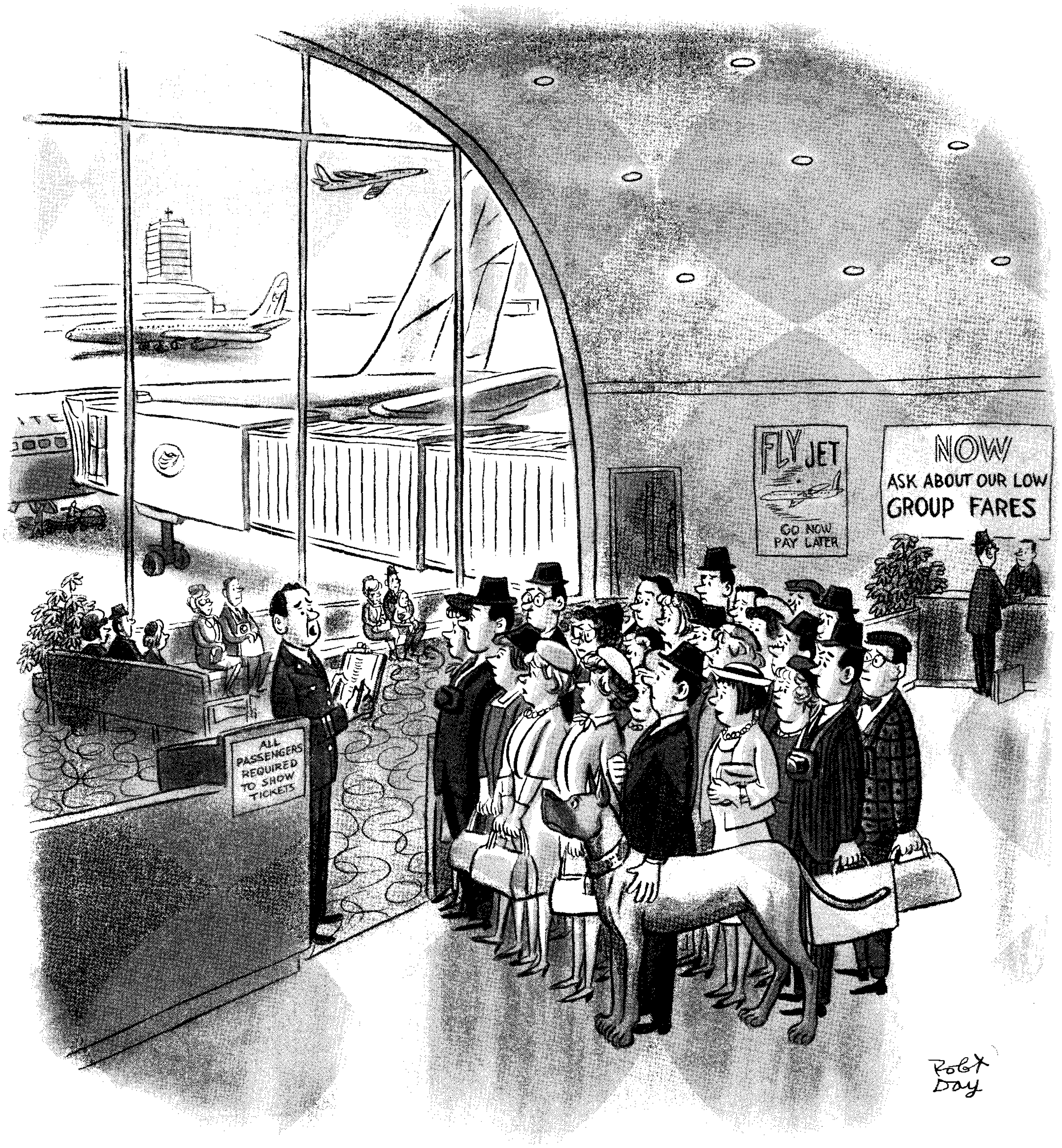
What do they tell us, sound and silence?
I think of American sounds in this silence:
On the banks of the Tombstone, the wind harps having
their say,
The thrush singing alone, that easy bird,
The killdeer whistling away from me,
The mimetic chortling of the catbird
Down in the corner of the garden, among the raggedy
lilacs,
The bobolink skirring from a broken fencepost,
The bluebird, lover of holes in old wood, lilting its light
song,
And that thin cry, like a needle piercing the ear, the insistent
cicada,
And the ticking of snow around oil drums in the Dakotas,
The thin whine of telephone wires in the wind of a Michigan
winter,
The shriek of nails as old shingles are ripped from the top of
a roof,
The bulldozer backing away, the hiss of the sandblaster,
And the deep chorus of horns coming up from the streets in
early morning.
I return to the twittering of swallows above water,
And that sound, that single sound,
When the mind remembers all,
And gently the light enters the sleeping soul,
A sound so thin it could not woo a bird.

Beautiful my desire, and the place of my desire.

I think of the rock singing, and light making its own
silence,
At the edge of a ripening meadow, in early summer,
The moon lolling in the close elm, a shimmer of silver,
Or that lonely time before the breaking of morning
When the slow freight winds along the edge of the ravaged
hillside,
And the wind tries the shape of a tree,
While the moon lingers,
And a drop of rain water hangs at the tip of a leaf
Shifting in the wakening sunlight
Like the eye of a new-caught fish.

## IV

I live with the rocks, their weeds,
Their filmy fringes of green, their harsh
Edges, their holes
Cut by the sea-slime, far from the crash
Of the long swell,
The oily, tar-laden walls
Of the toppling waves,
Where the salmon ease their way into the kelp beds,
And the sea rearranges itself among the small islands.


FLY JET
GO NOW PAY LATER
NOW
ASK ABOUT OUR LOW
GROUP FARES
ALL PASSENGERS REQUIRED TO SHOW TICKETS
Robt Day

*"You do not have a group of twenty-five. You have a group of twenty-four and a Great Dane."*

• •

Near this rose, in this grove of sun-parched, wind-warped madroñas,
Among the half-dead trees, I came upon the true ease of myself,
As if another man appeared out of the depths of my being,
And I stood outside myself,
Beyond becoming and perishing,
A something wholly other,
As if I swayed out on the wildest wave, alive,
And yet was still.
And I rejoiced in being what I was:
In the lilac change, the white reptilian calm,
In the bird beyond the bough, the single one,
With all the air to greet him as he flies,
The dolphin rising from the darkening waves;

And in this rose, this rose in the sea-wind,
Rooted in stone, keeping the whole of light,
Gathering to itself sound and silence—
Mine and the sea-wind's.

—Theodore Roethke

# IN AND OUT OF NEVER-NEVER LAND

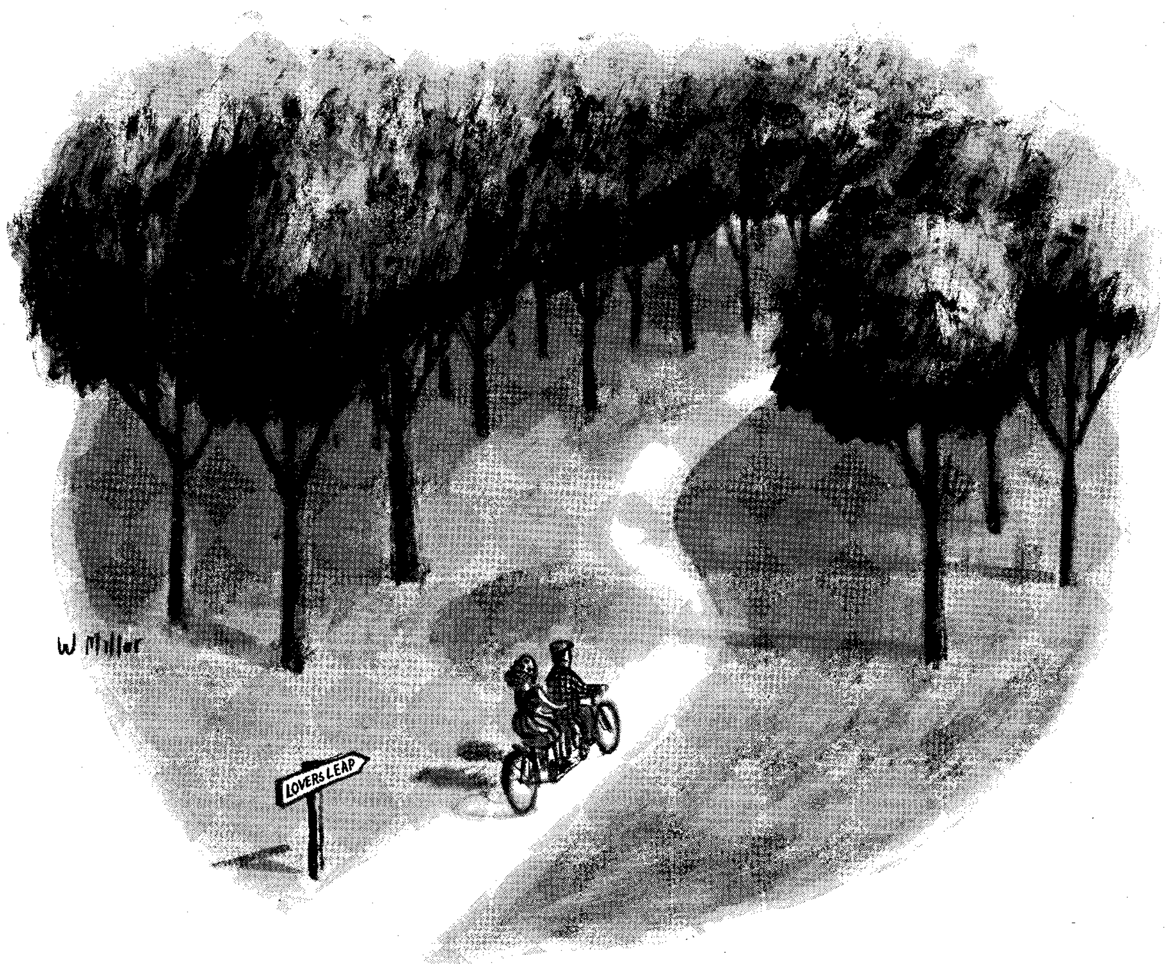
IN East Hampton, it was the Fourth of July, the hour just before dawn—very early-morning teatime. Mary Ann Whitty looked into the brown eyes of her dog, Niobe, and she thought, The dog is kind and good, but the cats have style. . . . She was sitting in her living room, which was remarkable to her because it was hers alone, and because it contained her furniture, her books, her dog, and her cats. The furniture was shabby, the books were worn and showed the signs of long storage, the cats all wore mixed furs, and Niobe, the black Labrador retriever, was not as serene as a dog of her age and nature ought to be. Niobe had spent too much time in too many different kennels.

Mary Ann did not care that her household was a trifle bedraggled. What mattered to her was that all her possessions were collected together in one place. She admired the room she had made for herself, and she admired everything in it. She was so pleased with herself and her possessions and arrangements that she even admired the lacks in her house. For example, a simple example, she had no dining-room table. She knew she should have a proper table, a proper place for eating, and that without it her life was makeshift, but she thought that makeshift ways were very well suited to this strange little house, which wore such a temporary air that the first time she walked into it she said to herself that it was not a real house but an impossibility, not a house at all, and that she must rent it immediately, because it might very well not be there when she looked for it again. Not that the house looked as though it might fall down or be blown away. It had a solid look; there was nothing at all fragile about it. But it did not look as though it belonged where it was, by the edge of the sea.

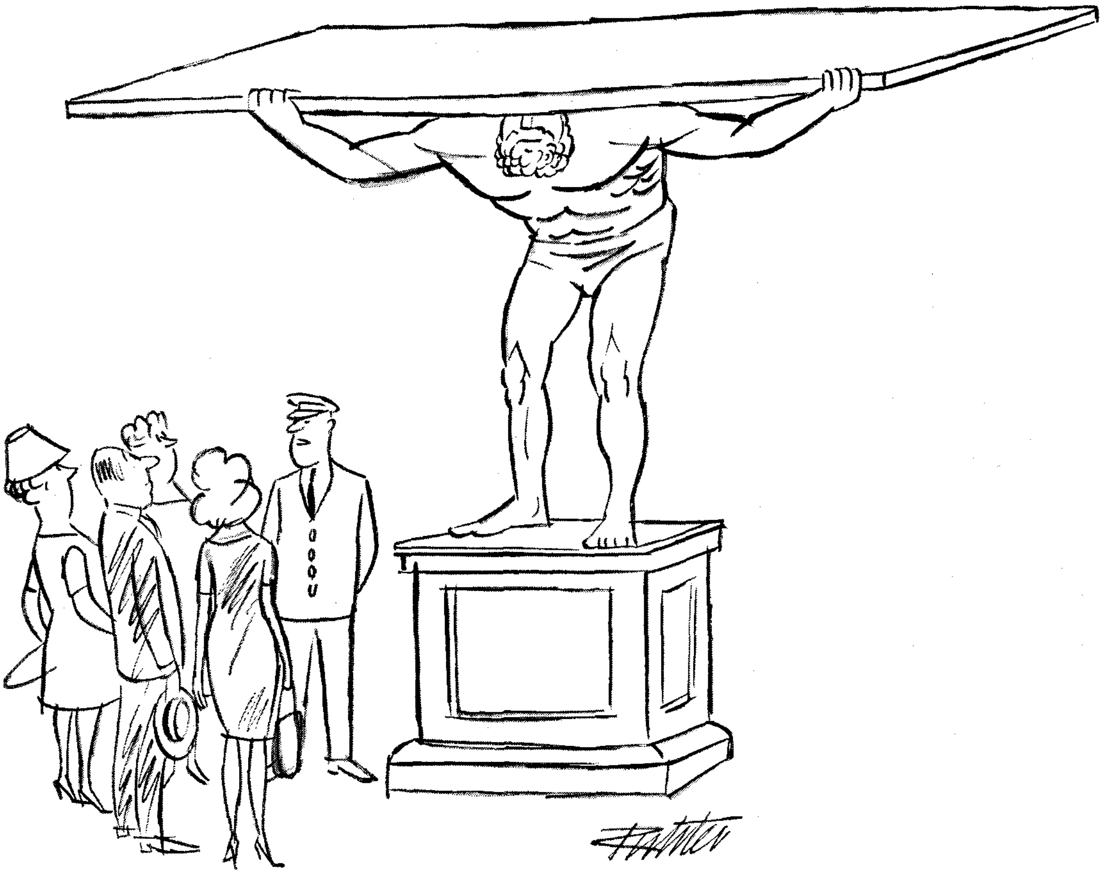
Mary Ann had a friend who rejoiced when he first saw it. "This is not a house by the sea," he said. "It is certainly not a house in East Hampton. It is somewhere else. It is a town house. No, it is a house in the middle of a forest. The Black Forest, I think. It is a *folie*. Whatever it is, it is not real—not a real house, at any rate. And why did they put it sideways?"

Instead of facing the ocean, which was so close that the waves made themselves heard all day and all night, the little house faced its lawn—really only a strip cut from the huge lawn that swept down from the great house on the dunes where the seven children lived, all of them Niobe's friends. Alongside Mary Ann's house, hidden from her by a tall hedge, there was a lovely, simple flower garden that slanted away from a small apple orchard and into a field of long grass. Niobe wandered among the apple trees without permission, and without permission the cats had taken the wild field for their hunting ground. On Mary Ann's side of the hedge the flower bed that stretched the length of her lawn was strikingly neglected, but the daffodils and roses and hollyhocks that had been planted there long ago still bloomed at their appointed times, as if to show what they once had been and still might be if somebody would give them a little help.

Sometimes Mary Ann walked from her front door to the grove of pine trees that separated her lawn from the golf course, and as she walked she inspected the tangle of weeds and withered vines that smothered the beds, and she thought, It is a disgrace. But the word disgrace came tranquilly into her mind and caused no uneasiness there. She excused herself from gardening as she did from sewing, simply by announcing she had not the gift for it. She was inclined to be mulish about the things she did not do—not drive a car, not garden, not sew—and it was in something of the same spirit that she congratulated herself as sincerely on what her house lacked as she did on what it held. But in spite of all it lacked, and for all its temporary air, the little house had an air of gaiety about it, and even of welcome. It is the high ceiling, Mary Ann thought, and the books, and the big fireplace, and the mauve rug casts a cheerful light. And in any case, she thought, the house, like me, is good-hearted in spite of itself.



It was absurd, the little house with its baronial front door and its towering diamond-paned windows that had more wood than glass in them, and its lofty black beams that were not very old and not at all necessary, and its scalloped black iron hasps, and handles, and



*"It was believed back in those days that the world was flat."*

• •

hinges on all the doors—even on the bathroom door. The hinges were always flying off the doors and landing at Mary Ann's feet with a noisy clank, and she was constantly on her hands and knees searching for the long black spikes that would hold them back on the door until the next fit of humor took them, but she did not mind. The house was always losing bits of itself, and she spent hours trying to find lost pieces of paper—letters, bills, lists, old checkbooks that might tell her where the money had gone, but she persevered just as the house did, and she thought, As long as nobody asks me any questions, everything will come out all right.

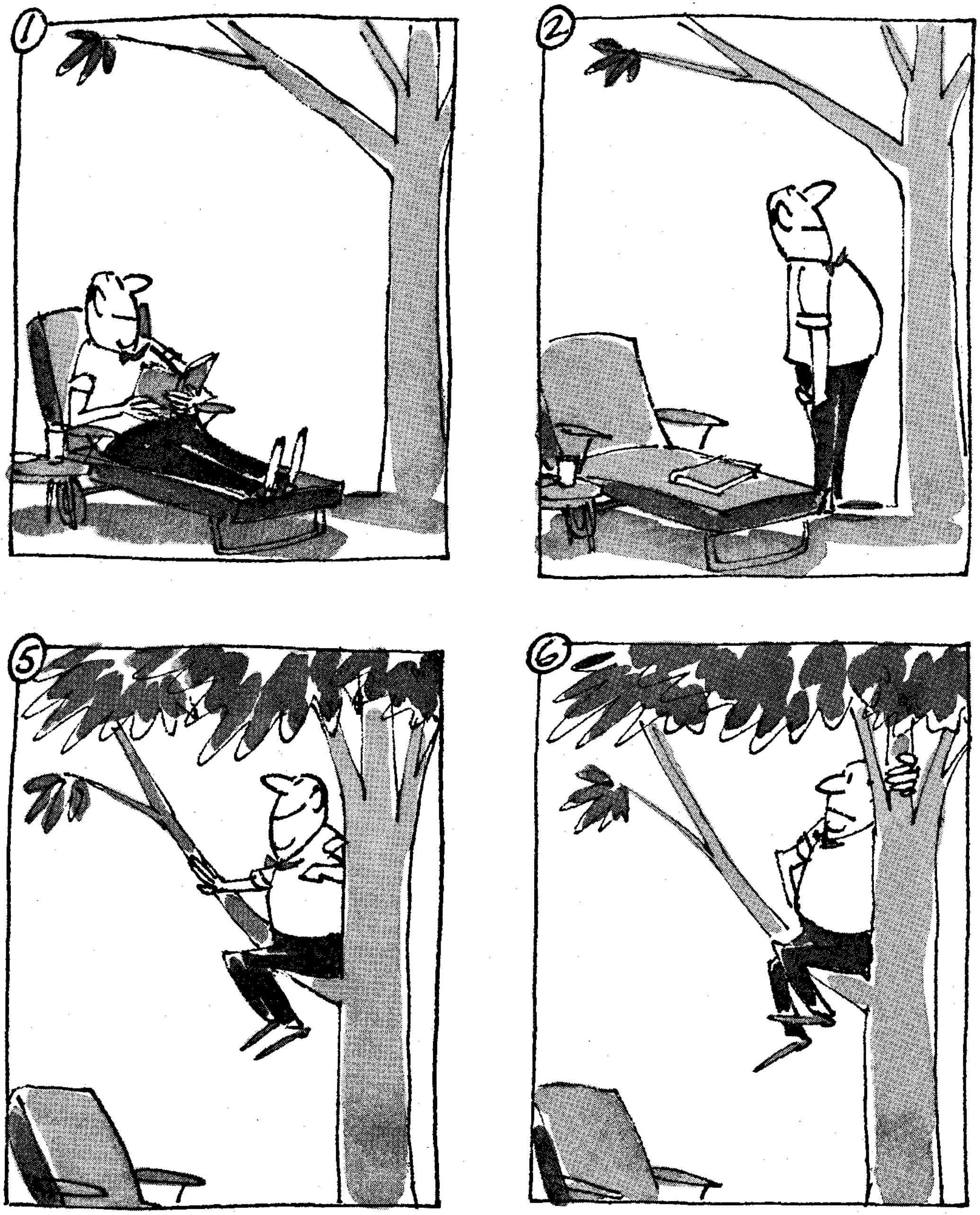
Her house was closely related to the house on the dunes where the seven children lived. The children's house was really enormous—hundreds of rooms pressed into the shape of a cottage and covered with a deep shingled roof. It had been put up shortly after the First World War, and at the foot of its majestic lawn its miniature, Mary Ann's house, had been built for the caretaker. The people who had lived in the big house and employed a caretaker had all gone away long ago, and the seven children had been in possession there for years now.

Mary Ann, the newcomer, did not know exactly when Niobe and the children had discovered each other. She imagined Niobe on the grass in the sun one morning, or one afternoon, raising her big head to see a pair of bare legs, several pairs of bare legs, standing at a safe distance and on their own side of the driveway that separated them from Niobe's private ground. The children must have been on their toes, ready to fly if the strange dog turned fierce. Niobe was very black, and her ample body was covered with shining flat fur, a handsome coat of it, but her muzzle was white, and she had a comical look. Comical or not, she had long sharp teeth and great paws that could hold her prey to the ground if she chose to find prey. The children must have wondered about her. Niobe would not have bothered to wonder. What she saw was what she always saw—not children or birds or cats or mice but interesting new manifestations of the friendliness she believed existed for her in all that lived. If it lived, it moved, and whether it moved by creeping or running or walking or flying or hopping or simply by blowing like torn paper about the lawn, Niobe wanted it. This new apparition, so near to her and quite unknown, must have struck her with joy. Fourteen legs, seven faces, and a variety of voices, all there just waiting to be claimed. She would have begun her campaign at once, beating a vigorous overture on the ground with her heavy tail.

Mary Ann could only imagine all that. What was certain was that Niobe no longer decorated the front of the house for hours in the morning and during the afternoon. Now she was always away, off somewhere, following the children into their house and out of it again, and travelling with them along the beach and over the golf course and even into the village. Niobe had another secret now to lay on top of the eternal secret that was guarded, or imprisoned, by her animal silence. She had a new world of her own that was free of the cats and free of Mary Ann, but she showed her independence of them only at the moment of her departure from the house and the moment of her return to it. These days, when she went out in the morning, she was purposeful, and her eyes turned at once to the house on the dunes to see if anyone was out and about. And when she came back and her own door was opened to her, she burst in, breathless, and threw herself on the floor, unable to speak for exhaustion and importance. While she panted, her tail hammered on the floor and her eyes roved wildly around the room, reclaiming everything she saw, but most of all reclaiming Mary Ann. "I choose you," Niobe's eyes said to Mary Ann, "you, you," and her gaze turned fervently to the kitchen, where her dinner waited.

The cats showed a faint, lazy interest in all this commotion. The biggest of them, the bright orange, sat up and then stood up and stretched, and lay down again, wrapping himself up in his own coat. "I am ignoring you," each cat said, opening its eyes just enough to show a gleam of light, and then, closing its eyes again, each cat said, as always, "I choose myself."

But the moment had arrived when East Hampton, with its waves and sand and its wide golf course and its ponds of wild water birds and its fine main street and its hilly green graveyard, was about to be revealed all over again by the new light. Mary Ann heard the first birds, the smallest ones, who sing suddenly at the end of darkness. She listened to their sweet voices, and then she stood up and went to open the front door. It was still

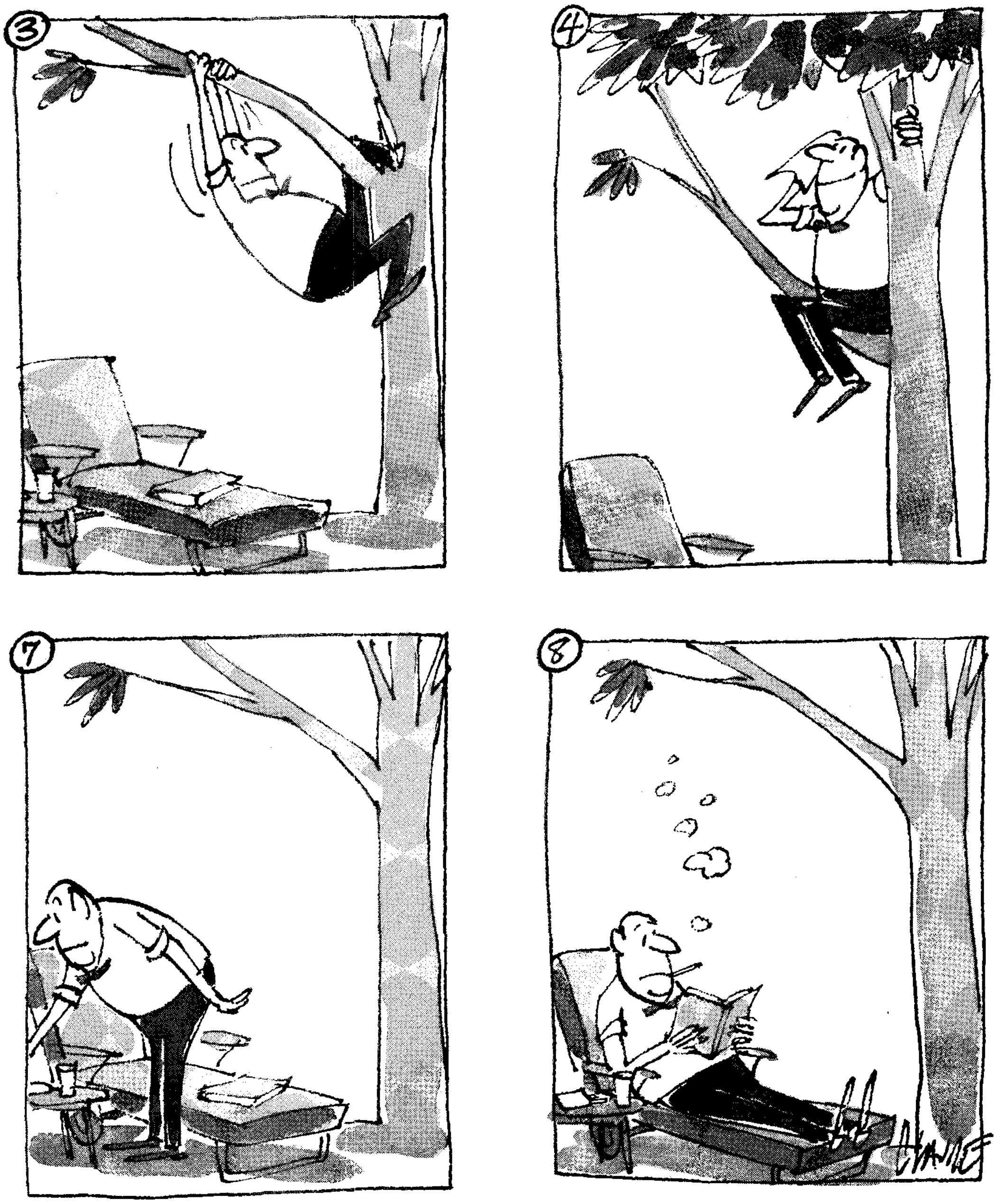


night out, but the darkness had retreated into the bushes and trees. She could see the sky shifting. It was the moment she liked, because it proved she was right and that nothing was real. It was also the moment when the cats went out to kill. She looked around the room and saw the big orange, the little black favorite, the long-haired wild one, and the quiet calico. Only Tom, the secret hunter, was absent. Tom hunted alone and far away and never, thank God, brought his little victims into the house. Mary Ann walked through the empty blue-floored room that led to her small kitchen and heated a saucepan of milk and gave it to the cats, hoping to lull them back to sleep and sloth. She turned out the light in the kitchen and saw the dim blue world outside. It was nearly time for the sea gulls to start their march inland. She would have liked to go outside to watch them, but the one morning she had gone out, her long white robe had startled them, and they had risen up in outrage and gone away screeching that their day was ruined.

She went upstairs and stood at her bedroom window, which faced the sea. The sea gulls were just appearing, coming in from the beach and lining up along the top of the long rise that banked the road going down to the sea. They began to walk at once, taking their usual path, which brought them at an angle across the golf course and down the children's lawn to Mary Ann's house. Now the golf course was ghostly with them, and they continued to advance, white birds that whitened and grew bigger as they drew closer. They all walked. The few that flew up descended to the ground at once and started walking again. Some sailed while they walked, showing their wings. They came this way every morning, sometimes more of them and sometimes fewer, and the leaders always stopped at the far edge of the narrow driveway that separated her lawn from the children's. A few steps more would have brought the sea gulls to the walls of her house, but they never took the last few steps, and no matter how close they came they always seemed to be very far away. They walked like emperors, or like jockeys, or like stoics. They knew the ocean, and kept vigil by it in regimental rows, and they screamed against patience, and walked for their health on expensive grass, and Mary Ann thought they knew themselves and she was baffled by them. They were indomitable. There was no need to fear for them or pity them. In her imagination they were living stones that had found wings to save themselves during some long and drastic fall in forgotten times.

Now the leaders reached the edge of the driveway, the limit of their walk, and paused, and there was a general pause all the way back across the lawn and the golf course, and then they all rose up and flew back to the sea. To watch the sea gulls go was like watching the snow stop falling. You couldn't say when the last flake fell, and you could not mark the last sea gull. Mary Ann turned from the window and looked at her bed, which was very large and took up most of the room. She had closed the bedroom door after her, but Niobe had slipped in with her and was now curled humbly on a corner of the pink quilt. "All right, Niobe," Mary Ann said, "as long as you're here," and she lay down and pulled the quilt over her and fell asleep, knowing unrepentantly that the sun had risen.

LATE in the morning, wide awake and dressed at last, she heard the children on her front lawn, and she went out to wish them a happy Fourth of July. The children were going to the big fireworks display in the evening. Mary Ann was not going. The children teased Niobe while they talked to Mary Ann,



and as they talked they straggled irresolutely toward the driveway. They were on their way to the pond to take a boat out, but they were delaying. They were taking their time. Like Mary Ann, they had all the time in the world today. It was the Fourth of July, and the hours were turning in slow motion. There was nothing to do that had to be done, except wait for the fireworks to begin, and the children were finding time for long farewells to Niobe, who could not go in the boat with them because she was too heavy. "Too heavy and too slippery," the eldest boy said. One time they had taken her in the boat, and she rocked them all around the pond.

The youngest girl, Linnet, spoke up. "Niobe might have drowned us all," she said.

Linnet was only six. When the others walked, she dawdled behind them or ran after them, and when they stood as they were standing now, she stood in front of them, or at the side, apart from them. She was kneeling at the moment, in the grass beside Niobe, who sat with her front feet apart and her gaze fixed worshipfully on the eldest boy, the leader in everything but particularly in this boating expedition from which she understood she was to be excluded. She had heard the ban (Niobe is to *stay*), and she was determined to shame him into changing his mind. But the eldest boy was looking at Linnet, who had announced that Niobe might have drowned them all. "Listen to her," he said scornfully. "She wasn't even there."

The second boy came out of the reverie in which he spent most of his time. "She's talking through her hat," he said with finality.

Linnet's elder sister, Alice, who was eight and very responsible, looked tolerantly at Linnet. "She wasn't even there," Alice said. "I wasn't there, either," she added sensibly.

"I only said *might* have," Linnet said, and went on stroking Niobe's anxious, unresponsive neck.

Mary Ann looked at Niobe, who might have been a murderess. "Niobe only wanted to drown you so that she could save you," she said.

The second boy emerged from his reverie for the second time, this time in a seizure of decisiveness. "Let's go," he said, so abruptly that Mary Ann thought they would all start running, but they still delayed, moving their feet in anticipation.

Niobe accepted her fate with dignity. She sank to the ground, composed her paws, and began to gaze coldly past the children's legs at something they couldn't see even if they tried.

Linnet stood up. "I wish it was time to go to the fireworks now," she said. "I have matches. I found them in the road." She put her hand into the pocket of her dress and took out a battered white match folder.

Mary Ann took it from her and opened it. The heads of the matches were crumbling, they had been rained on, and they were quite useless. She handed the folder back to Linnet, who returned it carefully to her pocket. "I hope your mother knows you have those matches, Linnet," Mary Ann said. "You know matches are forbidden."

"But they're for the fireworks," Linnet said, and her face took on the dull expression of one who remembers this argument from other times, and the frustration of it, and sees more frustration ahead.

The boys were moving off, laughing unkindly. "She thinks they're going to run out of matches at the fireworks," the eldest boy said, and the youngest boy doubled up in noisy mirth.

Even Alice, who was so serious, had to smile. "Linnet, you know those matches were run over by a car and *everything*," she said.

Linnet's faith in her matches was evi-

# CROSSING THE PARK

Crossing the park to see a painting
Somebody painted of the park—
One that I once found more enchanting
Than the park itself—I stopped to look

At the cocksure pigeons, mincing on gravel,
The trees, each reading its own green book,
And felt the amphibian nerve and muscle
Of life quiver like a tuning fork,

Then steady itself to evoke some distant,
Wordless country existing still,
Growing louder on what was silent,
Its wild, sad energy visible

In hundreds of forms of pulsing shadow
Boned by the light, and then formed again
By the light—to the right, an imperfect meadow,
To the left, a sleeping, unfinished man—

Forms never to be composed so neatly,
Finished, framed, and set out to view
As the painting that hung in the nearby gallery
In permanent green, in abiding blue,

For any vision must mean that something
Is being omitted; being discrete
By making the possible seem like one thing
Means lopping the head off or the feet,

Or leaving a leaf out or one wave
Of that merciless connoisseur, the sea,
Or pretending the body exists for love,
Or forgetting the pictures of misery

That are found in the news each day, that spell
Out fortunes each night across the sky:
The terrible kingdoms of the small,
The crystal ball of every eye.

The sun relinquished the sky. In slow
Inches the shade climbed up the trees.
Too late to get where I started to,
I watched their metamorphoses

Gradually give up the light
Till there was nothing more to give
To leaves and lives whose forms dispute
Those parks, those paintings in which I live.

—Howard Moss

• •

dent in the bitter look she gave them all. But she had her triumph in her pocket, and she was stubborn. She could afford to wait for vindication, and enjoy the last laugh.

The boys set off backwards and gradually turned until they were really walking off. "See you later," they called to Mary Ann.

One of them called, "Goodbye, Niobe," and poor Niobe betrayed herself, starting to attention and staring after them, so tense and ready that for an instant she looked like the royal hunting dog she might have been and sometimes thought she was, in her sleep, when she stirred and seemed to run, while her gruff baying showed the course and splendor of her dreams.

"Stay, Niobe, good dog," Mary Ann said.

"Come on, Linnet," Alice said, and ran off after her brothers.

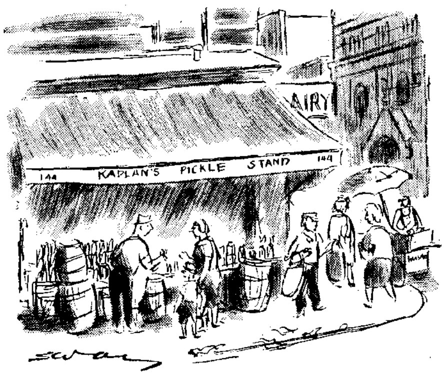
"No, wait a minute, Linnet," Mary Ann said. She wanted to tell Linnet the truth, that the matches were no good, and to prove to her that they were no good, but instead she said feebly, "You know, you shouldn't have those matches, Linnet."

"But I found them on the road," Linnet said.

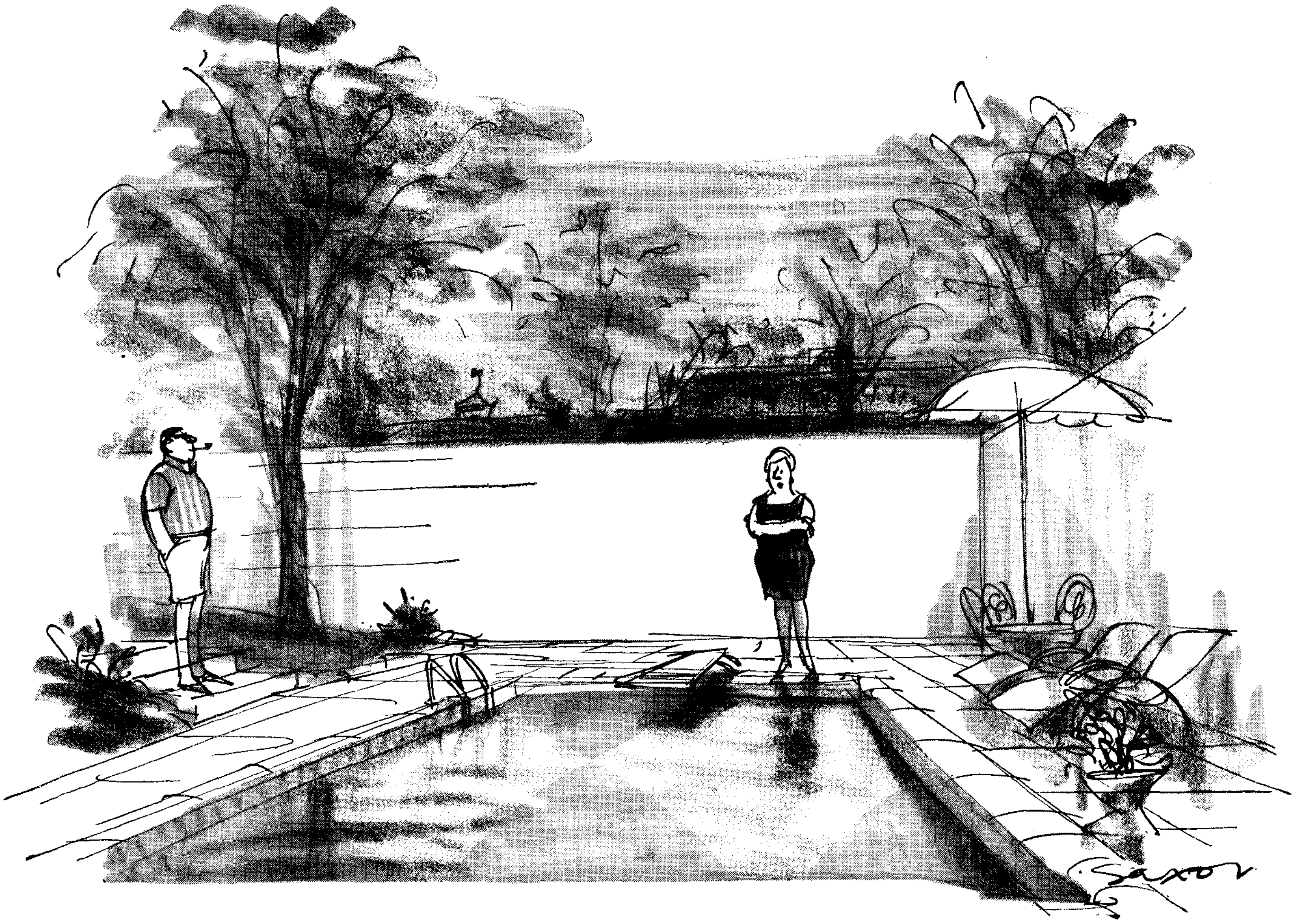
"All right, well, I hope you have a nice boat ride."

"I will," Linnet said, keeping her hand in her precious pocket. "Goodbye, Miss Whitty," she said politely, and she ran off.

Mary Ann watched her running, going more and more slowly as she drew near to the little group waiting impatiently for her by the edge of the road. The road was busy with cars driving down to the beach and driving away from it. The golf course was dotted with figures that moved gravely and then stood still, gravely considering the next move. It is not a very funny game, Mary Ann thought. She wished she had had the courage to show Linnet that her hopes were not only all false but all wrong, considering that they were based on matches that were strictly forbidden. I should have told her, Mary Ann thought sadly. No matter how you look at it, I should have made her see. I don't think they light fireworks with matches, and even if they do they won't run out of them, and even if they run out, Linnet will be much too far out in the crowd to help, and even if she got a chance to offer the matches, the matches are no good. One way or another, she is going to be disappointed. But false hope feels the same as real hope, and she is going to have a nice day dreaming. She's not going to have a chance at the fireworks, but that doesn't alter the fact that I should have given her a lecture on obedience and a demonstration of what happens to matches that have been lying out on the road in the rain.



MARY ANN went into her house and let the screen door bang behind her. Niobe dreamed of rescuing people from drowning, and Linnet dreamed of saving the fireworks extravaganza from disaster, and Mary Ann dreamed of being able to persuade a proud six-year-old girl that when the choice must be made between being a heroine and being a good child, one always chooses to be a good child. Well, I'll see Linnet again before the display, Mary Ann thought, and I'll tell her about the matches. She'll be so excited by that time that she won't care. I'll make a point of seeing her. But I should have told her. I should never have let her go off like that. Linnet and the matches went out of her mind. What came into her mind was the house she stood in, which seemed now like a beached ship, stuck in the middle of the summer weather that only Niobe was really at home in. The little house was very quiet. Buttoned up in its diamonds, with its shingled roof pulled down about its ears and its left shoulder turned to the ocean, the house seemed to enjoy the summer sun cau-



*"Sh-h-h. I'm thinking cabaña."*

• •

tiously, as though it knew it wasn't a summer house, and not a seaside house, and, in fact, not a real house. And it wasn't a real house. It wasn't a bit real. The living room, where Mary Ann stood, had been copied from the set of some opera or operetta—"Hansel and Gretel," Mary Ann had heard, although she would have guessed "Lilac Time." Whatever it was, and operetta or not, the performance must have depended on a good deal of coming and going, people appearing and disappearing and hurrying through from right to left and from left to right, or looking in, talking, perhaps singing, through the enormous windows in the back wall. A small flight of steps led up and off to the right and another small flight to the left. The living room had five ways out—five exits. Eight, if you counted the diamond-paned windows, which were big enough for two people to vault, scramble, or leap through at one time. Nine exits, if you allowed the fireplace, which was roomy enough to walk around in and had a chimney that was as big around as a barrel and went straight up through the roof like a tunnel. Mary Ann thought the chimney probably *was* a tunnel, mislaid from another stage set in another house someplace else. "Journey's End"? As a chimney the tunnel did very well. She had no complaints about the fireplace. As a matter of fact, she had no complaints at all, but she could not help wondering what had been going on in the mind of the architect when he made his scale drawing for this room. He had got in all that the action of the operetta called for. There never was so much big detail in a room. Doors and windows and fireplace all stood out in their full theatrical size, all surrounded with big frames of blackened wood, so that you could see from a mile away what you were looking at. Only, there was no room left for walls. The architect forgot about the walls.

Mary Ann didn't care. It didn't matter. The room pleased her. She had grown fond of it. It was improbable and impermanent, and anyway it was only a stage designed for dialogue and gestures, with two small rooms right and left that were also full of doors and windows, and that were good only for lingering in, because they were anterooms, and as anterooms they resisted furniture the way a cat will resist a collar. Mary Ann had tried several arrangements, but at the moment both rooms were empty. The room with the mauve floor was empty, and the one with the shining dark-blue floor that led to the kitchen was empty. Anterooms were new in Mary Ann's life, and she wanted to have them always. She had not known that rooms could be so content with themselves. But she wondered what the original caretaker had thought when he first stepped into his brand-new living room, with its operatic humility and its need to be explained and its obvious falseness and its meagre fate; because it did not even represent a dream but was only the echo of somebody's memory of romantic escape—to a hunting lodge, a mountain hideaway in Austria, or a secret place in Switzerland. It was a wistful conceit, and it stood here only because this site had presented itself and a house was needed here, for the caretaker. Someone must have thought, Since I cannot have that place at all, I might as well have it here, where I can at least look at it. The little house was not real. It was only a façade that stood at the end of somebody's lawn, and Mary Ann thought it did wonderfully for a person who wanted to live by the Atlantic Ocean but who only wanted to live there for a while.

LATE in the afternoon, Mary Ann went upstairs to sleep for a half hour, and she slept so late that she was awakened by the first of the explosions from the fireworks display. It was dusk outside her window, and a few minutes later, standing on the high ground of the children's lawn, where she had a good view of the aerial lights, she felt that the night was cold. A cool, quick wind blew in from the sea. She would build herself a fire when she went back into the house. Niobe, dutiful, sat beside her, and stared as she did into the distance, where they saw the sky brighten after explosions they heard but could not see, and then they saw shooting stars, streams of brilliance, and dazzling ribbons of color that turned into balloons and garlands and cornucopias as they ascended, to hang for an instant at their highest point and then vanish in glory.

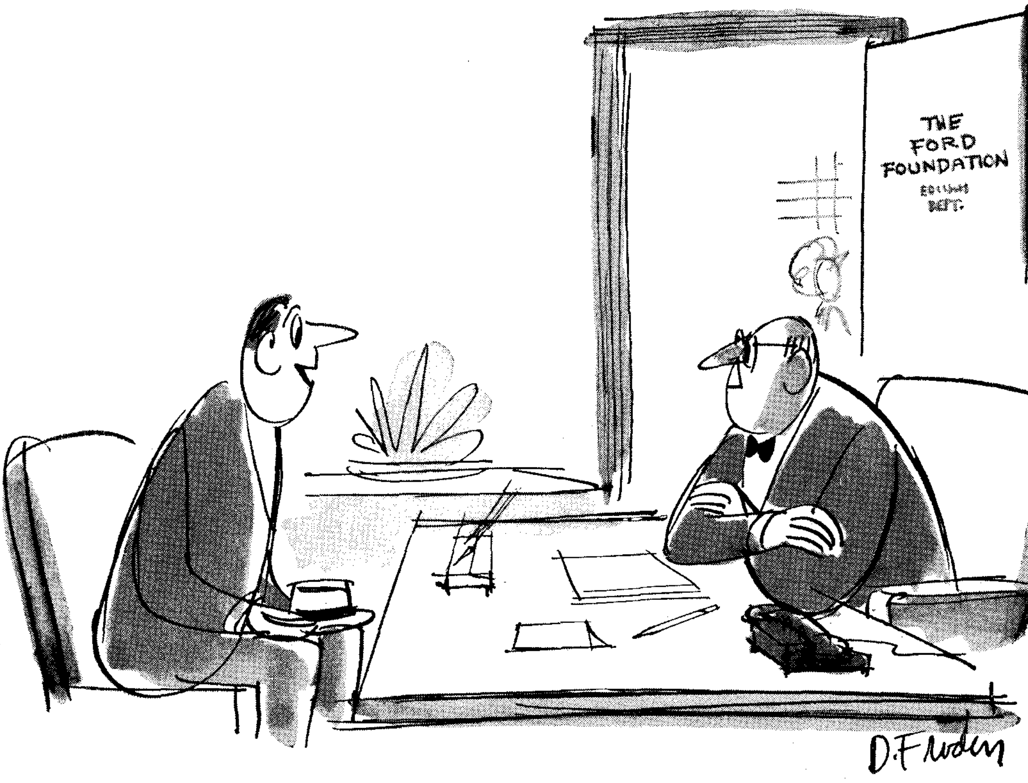
Nearer to Mary Ann, on the beach below the children's house, some people were having a private display, a very minor one. A few arrows of light shot up, and then again, more arrows. Someone was walking on the beach, throwing sparklers as he went. Lawbreakers, Mary Ann thought, disobedient people; everyone is committing sins today.

It had grown very dark, and she had had enough of the fireworks, the legal ones and the illegal ones. Time to go home and make a fire, but instead she went inside and made a Martini. She tasted it. It was delicious, but she had made it too soon, and she left it in the freezing compartment while she virtuously washed stringbeans and lettuce and turned up the heat in the oven. All the time she was working, she enjoyed the attention of six pairs of animal eyes, five pairs solemn and the sixth pair, Niobe's, devotional. Every night, Mary Ann gave her cooking demonstration, providing the cats and Niobe with their favorite entertainment, and every night, as she chopped and peeled and arranged her saucepans on top of the stove, she wondered if it was better to go to a restaurant and have a plate of food brought to you and know that the vegetables will be dreadful or to cook for yourself. While making up her mind, she had become an expert in very small plain dinners, and it was with some complacency that she left her work in progress, retrieved her Martini, and returned through her blue-floored anteroom to her living room, where she proceeded to build a big fire. The flames blazed up, filling the room with shadows, and as she stood back to watch them she heard the fire alarm sound far away. Somebody's house going up, she thought; it always happens on the Fourth of July.

Whitney Darrow, Jr.

*"But, Pedro—the Yankee surveillance!"*

SHE was quite wrong. It was not *somebody's* house that the alarm was sounding for but the seven children's house, and if Mary Ann had left her front door open, as she often did, even in winter time, she would have seen the air outside filled with smoke that was billowing down in great clouds from the big house on the dunes. Great excitement was gathering at her windows, and she missed it all. She missed seeing the first engine come hurtling across the flat green and watery landscaped land that stretched from her right all the way back to the sky. On a dark night like this, with all its lights going, the engine must have been a wonderful sight. All lighted up, racing to the rescue, and followed by a second engine and then by a third. Mary Ann missed it all, and she missed seeing the swarm of small cars that flew after the engines and turned with them



*"My project, boiled down to its essentials, is simply this, sir. I want to determine, once and for all, whether there is any truth in the common belief that money can't buy happiness."*

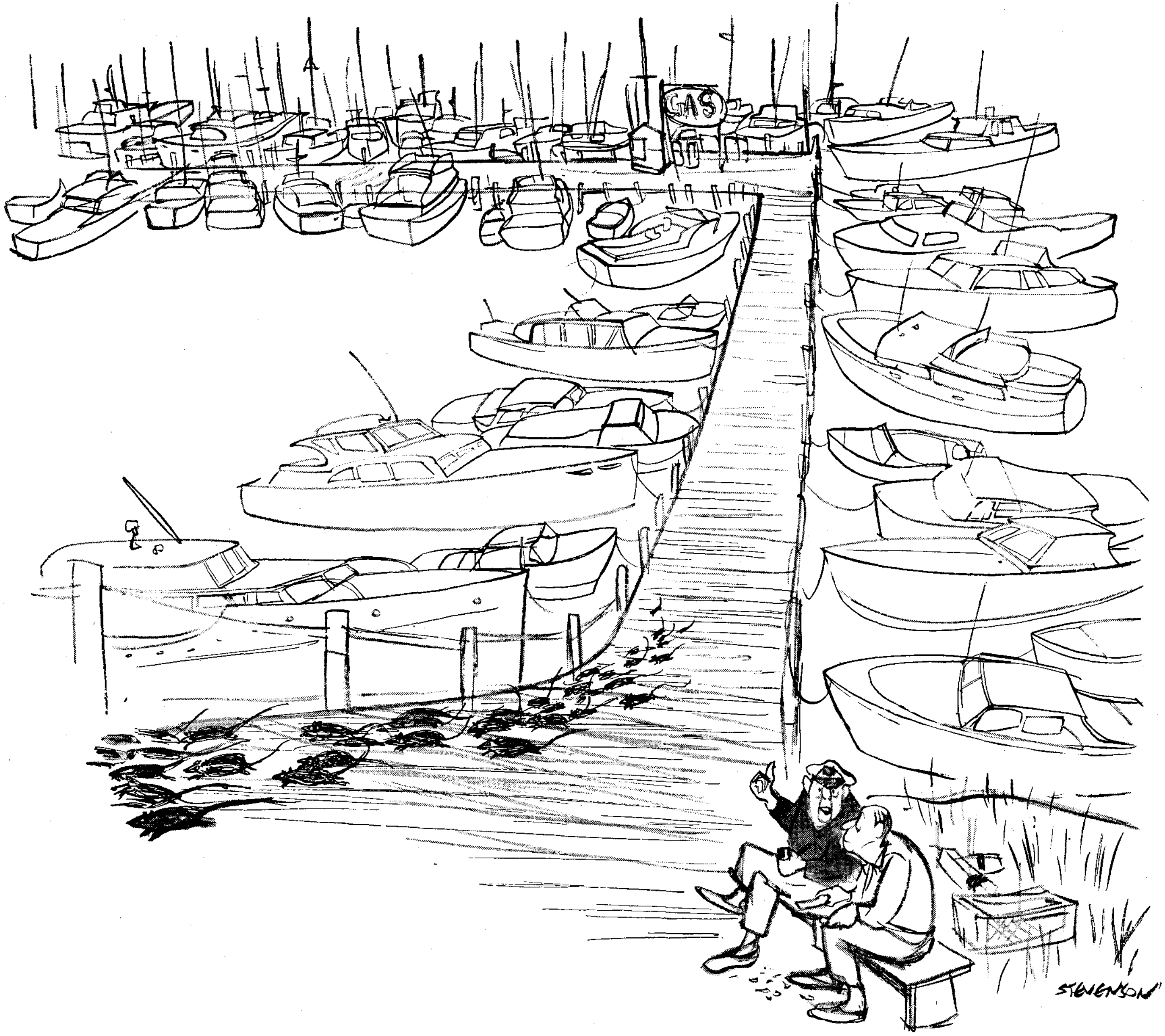
into her narrow driveway, which was full of holes and long deep ruts like trenches, so that they were all slowed up, coming along one after the other so close together that they might have been sections of a caterpillar. It was a very long, narrow driveway. At the best of times there was room only for one ordinary car. The driveway turned at a right angle from the road that led to the sea and came straight through the golf course and between the lawns to Mary Ann's house, where it made a sharp right turn and disappeared between two dense walls of trees and bushes that led up to the children's house and the sea. Those trees were full of pheasants, and if you walked up that dark curving avenue on a summer night, the wild beating of indignant wings drowned out the sound of the waves that beat out their slower measure on the beach below the children's house. What the pheasants must have thought on this night on the Fourth of July was unimaginable. First they were enveloped in clouds of thick smoke, and then came the invasion by heavy machinery. And all Mary Ann was thinking about was whether or not to put the screen back in front of the fire she had made, or leave the fireplace open and risk sparks on the rug. She was putting the screen back when she heard the first of the engines come lurching and rumbling past her house, and she thought, What a big oil truck. But then came more rumbling and grinding, and she thought, Armored cars.

She ran to the door and opened it and ran out on her lawn, to find that the lawn had vanished. She was hostess to a long line of cars that had pulled in and parked in a neat row with their noses turned toward the big house, and the driveway was so jammed with firefighting cars and apparatus that she could not have crossed over to the children's lawn even if she had wanted to. The smoke was thick, but the children's house was visible, standing up against the night sky with all its lights on. If the lights are on, perhaps things are not so bad, Mary Ann thought, and she saw the miles of floor boards up there, and the deep shingled roof that would blaze up like a torch if a spark caught it. The smoke now seemed to be coming from behind the house. Perhaps it was only a grass fire.

She walked over to the nearest of the cars that were parked by her house and said foolishly, "What's going on?"

The driver glanced at her and then looked back at the house. "Fire up there," he said. The car was full of children, and they all stared out at Mary Ann. She walked away from them, and called Niobe to follow her. She thought, There is that man has driven in here, tripping up the Fire Department, and now he's trapped here with all those children, and they may not get out until morning.

The avenue of trees that hid the approach to the big house ended just short of the house and to the side of it and out from the shadows up there a small fire car appeared and careered wildly down the children's lawn and across the golf course and was gone. It was followed immediately by another, and then Mary Ann saw that her driveway had been cleared from the pine grove back to the sea road and that the cars lined up in front of her were starting, tentatively, to edge their way back, going out backwards. A tall man in a helmet appeared and ordered the cars parked on Mary Ann's lawn to leave. He was very short with them and she was very glad. She would say to him, "But I live here," she thought, and then she wondered if he would order her to go into her house. Would he be within his rights, ordering her into the house? She began to worry about what she would do if he pointed to her house and said to her, "You get in there and shut that door." She had the right to stand on her own lawn, she knew that, but on the other hand it was hardly the moment to have an argument with a fireman. His colleagues on wheels were making desperate attempts to extricate themselves from the driveway and from one another. Backwards and forwards they went, and none of them moved. It was all the fault of the cars that had joined them for fun, and tied them up. Mary Ann thought of the confusion that must exist on the shrouded avenue leading up to the house. Then, away up at the house, one of the big engines appeared and tore down the lawn and away. The fire was really over. But the cars nearest to her were still stuck, and she thought that in a minute they would all start barking in frustration. The man in the helmet had cleared her lawn and he did not appear to have seen her. All the same, taking no chances, Mary Ann spoke to Niobe and they both retreated into the house and shut the door. Then Mary Ann looked out through the smallest diamond-paned window. What with the thickness of



*"I suppose one or more of them may be sinking."*

the window frame and the darkness outside and the angle she was looking from, she couldn't see much, but she had already seen enough to know what was going on. Another big engine shot into sight and out again, vanishing on the far side of the pine grove. A little more to the left and he would have gone down in one of those deep sand craters on the golf course. He could have struggled all night without getting out. The other cars were getting out as best they could, and then they were all gone, but disorder still hung in the air. Over the well-cut lawns that surrounded the golf course, and over the polite undulations of the course itself, and over the clubhouse that sat in wary hospitality on its eminence high above the dunes—over all of these particular human arrangements, Chaos stirred, and smiled, and went back to sleep. What a Fourth of July, Mary Ann thought, and wondered why the firemen had cut their sirens off.

IN the morning she was awakened by the sea gulls, who were making more noise than usual because, she thought, they were coming closer to the house than usual. But when she got to the window she saw that they had already turned and were flying back to the sea, protesting all the way against everything. There was mist out and they vanished into it. It had rained in the night, and the holes in the driveway were filled with silver water. Last night the fire engines had bumped in and out of those holes, today the birds would bathe in them. She wondered if the lawns had been much damaged by the traffic. There were car marks on her lawn, nothing serious, and the children's lawn, when she got downstairs, looked all right. The house looked all right, too, and there was Linnet, in her white nightgown, running wildly down the lawn. "Linnet," Mary Ann said, "come into the house at once. Put this shawl around you. Do you know what time it is? It's not six o'clock yet. I saw the fire engines. Was there much damage to the house?"

"I called them," Linnet said. "I was the only one that thought of the telephone."

"That's wonderful, Linnet."

"It was only a grass fire," Linnet said.

"Even so," Mary Ann said. "You saved the house. That is really marvellous. That's wonderful, Linnet."

Linnet had been first to the telephone. While the rest of the family stood transfixed with horror, staring at the grass fire, she had rushed to the phone and called the fire brigade. What had happened was that something, perhaps a

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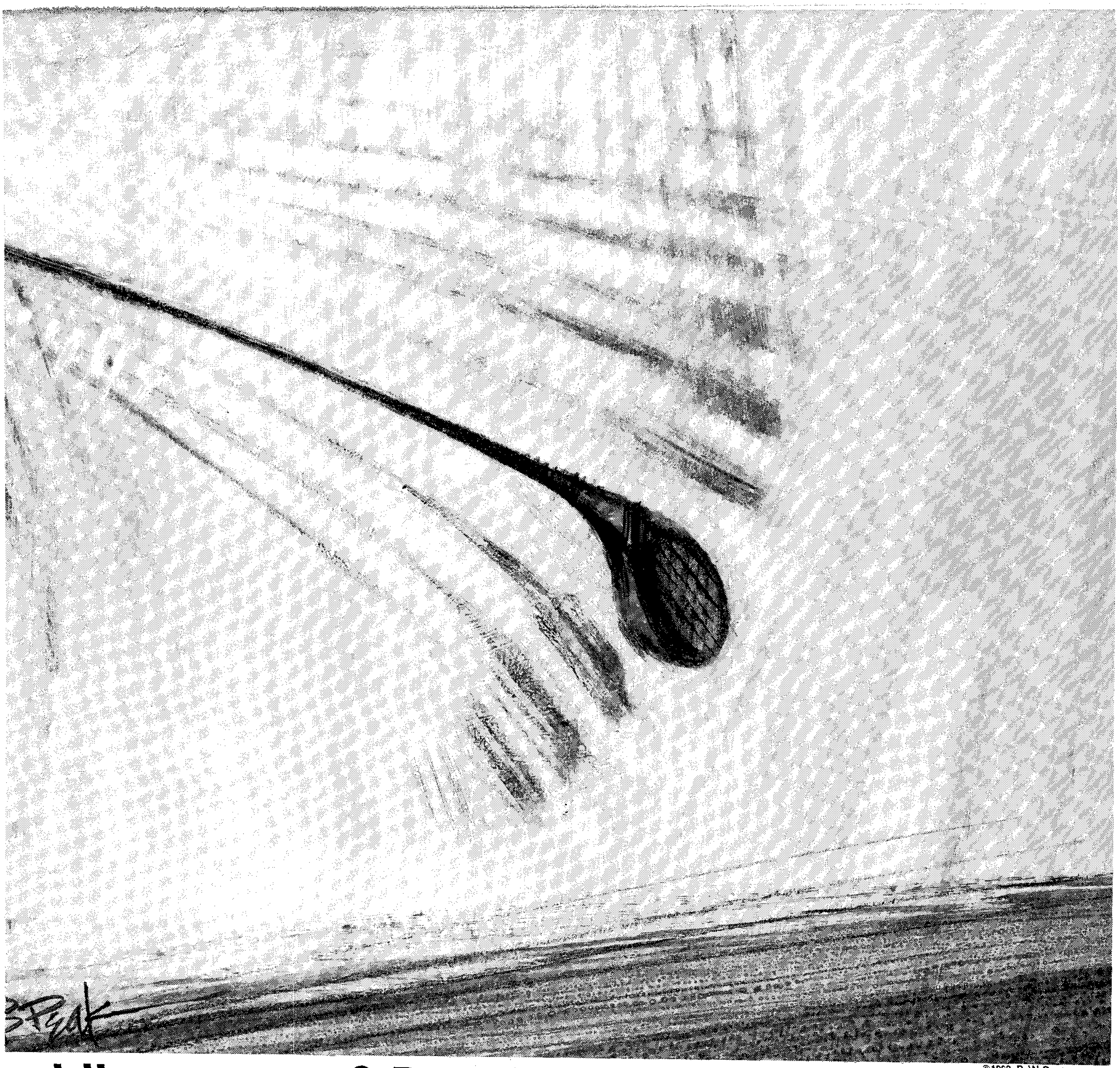

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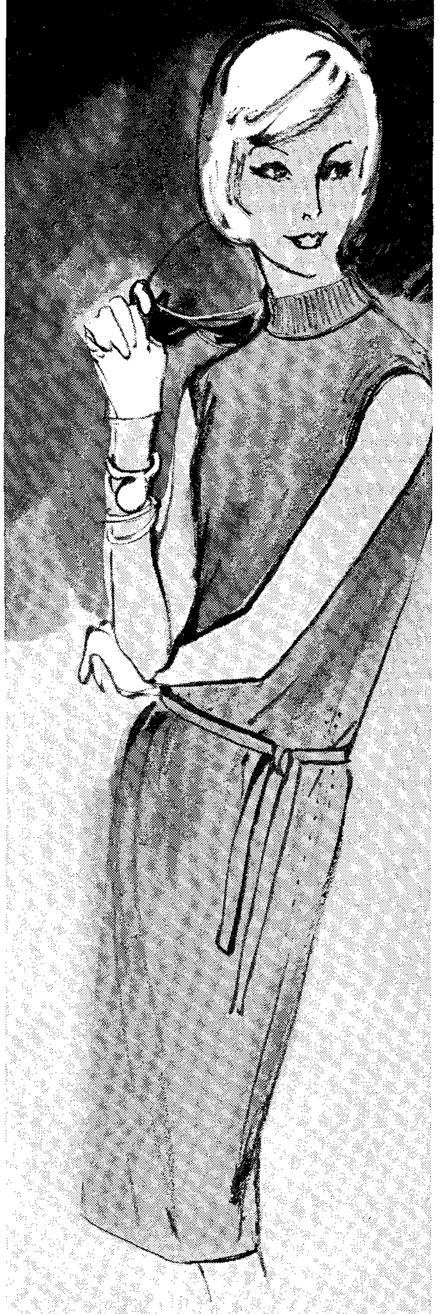

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spark from the stray fireworks Mary Ann had seen, had caught the brush below the house and suddenly it had all flared up. They had just arrived home from the fireworks, and they had all gone onto their terrace overlooking the sea, and while the others stared at the sheet of flame that suddenly rose up and became a wall and rose higher as they watched it, Linnet called for help. "Then you saved the house," Mary Ann said. Linnet nodded modestly. "And now you're going to have a glass of milk," Mary Ann said, "and you're going to go straight home and back to bed, before your mother finds out that you're gone. You must go home at once."

"Niobe has nice paws," Linnet said.

"I know," Mary Ann said. "Now don't sit down, Linnet. You really must come outside, and I'll watch you up to the house. Go in the front door, so that I can see you safely home. Keep the shawl around you."

When they were outside, Mary Ann said, "That's wonderful that you saved the house, Linnet. It's really great." The hem of her robe was wet from the wet grass, and there was Linnet in her bare feet. "Now you *must* hurry home," she said.

"May I come back to see you?" Linnet asked.

Mary Ann looked at her. Linnet was small and friendly, and Mary Ann, who feared trustfulness, had often rebuffed her, but now she put her hands out and tightened the shawl around the little shoulders. "Yes," she said, "but right now, this minute, you must run home. Your mother will be frightened if she finds you not in your bed. Then come back later and tell me everything about the fire. I'll have questions ready. All right?"

"All right," Linnet said, and she started off. When she had crossed to her own lawn, she turned and waved, and Mary Ann waved back. She watched the child running and walking and then running again. It was a long way up that lawn. Mary Ann thought, I had a chance to do the right thing yesterday and I am very glad I failed, and I hope the same chance does not come my way again for a long time. She thought of a joke. "Never put off till tomorrow what you should have done yesterday," she said to herself, and she went placidly into the house to put on the water for her coffee.

—MAEVE BRENNAN

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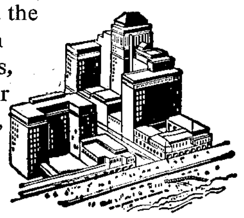
If you toss a coin to decide whether to vacation at the seashore or in the mountains, say, "Heads or tails seashore, mountains if it stands on edge."



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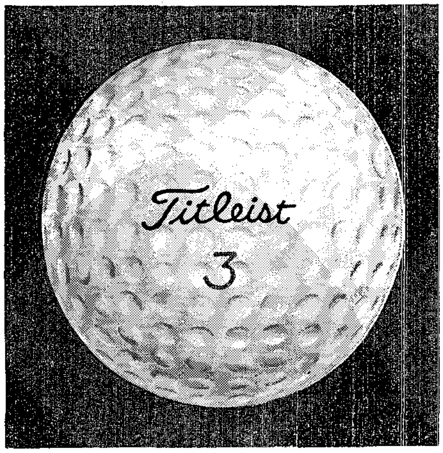

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# THE CURRENT CINEMA

## *A Boy at War*

"MY NAME IS IVAN" is a new Russian film about the effects of war, especially as they work upon a twelve-year-old boy who acts as a Russian scout between his own lines, on one side of a great marsh, and the German lines, on the other. It is the first movie of a director named Andrei Tarkovsky, and it stars a remarkable boy named Kolya Burlaiev, whose performance, in its depth and intelligence, goes way beyond the intuitive and responsive work of even the best child performers. Mr. Tarkovsky gets fine results from his cast and his cameraman; his style—a new one to me but perhaps not new to Russian movies—is impressionistic, with the transitions from one scene to the next deliberately abrupt and shocking. The picture opens with scenes of Ivan playing and exploring in the woods on what is presumably a typical summer day. Then there is a bang, and suddenly it is night. The air is filled with smoke, barbed wire is stretched across the trees, and there are explosions and flares over the water. The boy is swimming among the reeds and half-submerged trees of the swamp, and there is shooting all around him. When next we see him, dripping and defiant in a Russian dugout, his eyes, his smile, his voice, and even the texture of his skin have changed. A captain and a colonel whom he adores—the open affection among the men is foreign and refreshing—want him to go behind the lines to a military school. Determined to swim back alone to the German side, he refuses, and, much as he loves and respects the officers who are trying to keep him safe, he gets his way.

That is about as much story as there is; it is the details, visual and dramatic, that give the picture its quality. A blasted tree, a crashed plane, and two hanged Russian corpses, side by side, are the landmarks of the Russian front, and Mr. Tarkovsky uses them as a kind of refrain. There are flashbacks and dreams and bright episodes. In the loveliest of the flashbacks, the boy is riding with a little girl on a cart full of apples; the rain pours down on them, and then the weather clears. The brightest of the episodes—almost a love scene—takes place in a sunny, enchanting, and strange birch forest behind the Russian lines, where the captain and a pretty girl, who is a doctor, slowly and shyly become acquainted; by the time the episode is over, both are almost paralyzed by feeling. When the captain is told that the girl has been transferred to a hospital, he sends a chair crashing into a fireplace, although there have been few words between them. (The crash becomes the crash of a victory celebration, and the scene becomes the German Chancellery, where Russian soldiers are going through the files.) The subtitles are helpful, but the acting and the photography are so eloquent that the words seem almost unnecessary. Even so, the picture comes nowhere near the perfection of "A Summer to Remember," which told of an even younger Russian boy under stress. The pastoral prewar scenes of "My Name Is Ivan" are just too idyllic and sentimental, contrasting too obviously with the war scenes. Where "A Summer" explored subtly and with humor the heart and behavior of a child, "Ivan," for all its beauty and tension and fascinating incidental touches, is essentially a straight and straight-faced argument for the obvious: War is hell. Among all the good actors, Valentin Zubkov is outstanding as the captain. The cameraman is Vadim Yusov—a name to keep in mind.

CLAUDE CHABROL, a French director and scriptwriter, has tried, with obtrusive, tricky photography and portentous narration, to give an illusion of depth, or even of meaning, to "The Third Lover," a French bore about a journalist who, out of envy, spite, a touch of lust, and heaven knows what psychological afflictions, decides to break up the happy marriage of a successful German author. He accomplishes his purpose with rather more violent results than even he had bargained for. The setting is the countryside around Munich, which is quite pretty, as is Stephane Audran, who plays the author's wife. As the author, Walther Reyer shows symptoms of being an actor, and it would be interesting to see him in a sensible role. Jacques Charrier, as the journalist and narrator, is a deadpan, broody type. His final remark is the regretful announcement that when he told his story, "people merely shrugged." So did I.

—EDITH OLIVER

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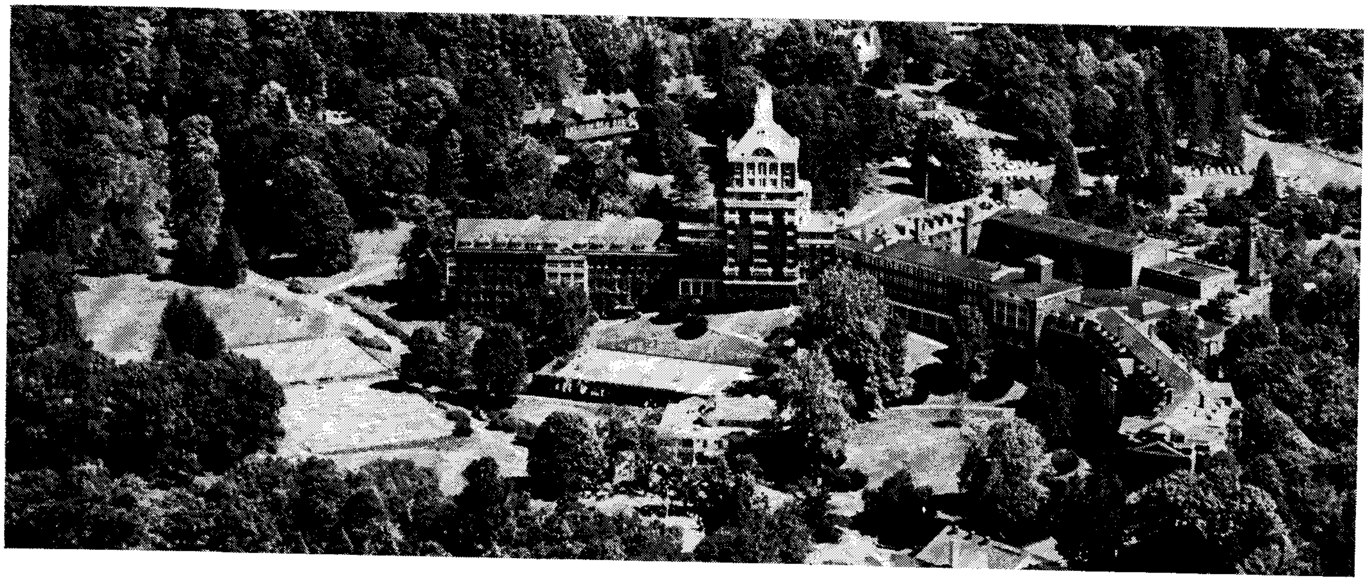

# THE SPORTING SCENE

## THE COUNTRY CLUB REVISITED

THE most dramatic golf championship of all time, and perhaps the most significant one as well, was the 1913 United States Open, in which Francis Ouimet, then an almost unknown twenty-year-old American amateur, put this country on the golf map by tying Harry Vardon and Ted Ray, the great British professionals, over the seventy-two holes of the tournament and then defeating them decisively in the eighteen-hole playoff. This June, in commemoration of the fiftieth anniversary of Ouimet's historic achievement, the Open was returned to the scene of his triumph, the Country Club in Brookline, Massachusetts, and once again it produced a three-man playoff, which Julius Boros won with a splendid 70, to Jacky Cupit's 73 and Arnold Palmer's 76. Apart from the similarity of their climaxes, though, no two tournaments could have been less alike. The remarkable thing about Ouimet's victory was that, under tremendous pressure, he came through with a brilliant display of shotmaking and scoring that no one had dreamed that he—or any native American golfer, for that matter—was capable of. To gain his tie, for example, he came charging down the last six holes of the rain-drenched course in two shots under par—a magnificent burst for those days—and in the playoff his practically errorless 72 all but beat the better ball of his celebrated rivals. By contrast, what was most astonishing about the 1963 Open—and it was a fairly dull tournament as Opens go—was the trouble that our present-day precision golfers, from whom we have come to expect marvels of scoring, had in handling the Country Club course. For instance, the 293 that Boros, Cupit, and Palmer tied at was nine over par and represented the highest winning total since the 1935 Open, at Oakmont, in Pittsburgh. Moreover, during the four rounds of the tournament proper the course par of 71 was broken only five times—twice on the first day and three times on the second. On the third day, Saturday, when both the third and the fourth rounds were played, no one in the field broke par on either round; in fact, no one matched it. Birdies have never been so rare in any Open that I can remember, and, though it takes some believing, the three men who were leading the pack at the halfway mark—Cupit, Palmer, and Dow Finsterwald—did not pick up as much as one birdie *among* them on the third round. As the scores began to escalate during Saturday's double round, when even the leaders found their cumulative totals soaring from five to seven to nine strokes over par, some sardonic soul suddenly remembered that Ouimet's total had been only 304. "Do you think anyone will catch Ouimet?" he asked.

Whenever the modern professionals perform unimpressively as a group, there are two invariable repercussions. On the one hand, the more petulant pros maintain that the course was the worst pasture ever inflicted on them and would have defied the best ball of Hogan, Jones, Siegfried, and Hercules. On the other hand, the critics who hold that most of the current pro stars are vastly overrated as shotmakers, and are lost once they leave the short, flat, hazardless "circuit courses," naturally seize upon the occasion as proving their point. In this instance, I would say with heroic caution that the truth lay somewhere between these two contentions. While no mistake was made in selecting the Country Club as the venue for golf's premier tournament—it is a superb layout, and if it had been in its usual shape it might well have produced the finest Open test since Oak Hill, in Rochester, in 1956—the course, through a harsh series of misfortunes, was in its poorest condition in the seventy years that golf has been played there. Its woes began with the unexpectedly severe winter. For almost three months, it lay under a thick sheet of ice. The fairways and greens, deprived of air, were invaded by winterkill, a fungus growth, which destroyed much of the dormant grass. When the ice finally melted and the extent of the damage became apparent, new seed with a rapid germination rate was sown, but April was an almost rainless month, and the new grass was slow in coming through. In this emergency, the course was closed to all play, top dressings were liberally applied, and every trick of modern agronomy, such as aerifying and aerothatching, was resorted to. While the course eventually did respond in some degree to these measures, it simply was not ready for the Open. The fairways were unusually soft and patchy, and since tee shots got almost no roll, holes that were long enough to begin with played even longer. Fairway lies were also a problem. As one veteran touring pro said quite equably on the eve of the tournament, "Most Open courses are in such terrific condition that all you have to do is try to play the shots—which gives you more than enough to think about. Here, you've got to expect quite a few bad lies. There are a lot of soft spots, and a lot of little dips where the grass is pretty fluffy, so you're bound to hit a few squirters and fliers." The greens were also a notch below championship calibre. A number of them were bumpy and grainy, and since they were composed of a blend of new grass and old grass, there was a great deal of difference in their speeds. In addition to these unpremeditated pitfalls, the Country Club layout was outfitted with the standard terrors that make every course prepared for the Open, under the demanding eye of the U.S. Golf Association, the stiffest examination in accuracy that a golfer can meet up with: The fairways were very narrow in the tee-shot-landing areas; the rough was thick and matty; only a slender thirty-inch strip of apron separated the putting surfaces from the substantial rough that collared the small, circular greens along the sides and at the back. Yet despite all these difficulties, both planned and unplanned—and this is an important point—the Country Club probably would not have played appreciably harder than most Open courses had the weather been kinder. Three fairly still and gentle days were what the tournament needed, but instead it caught a succession of blustery days on

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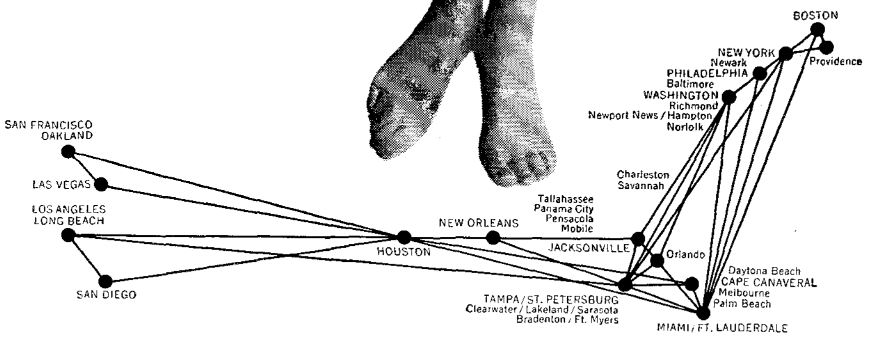
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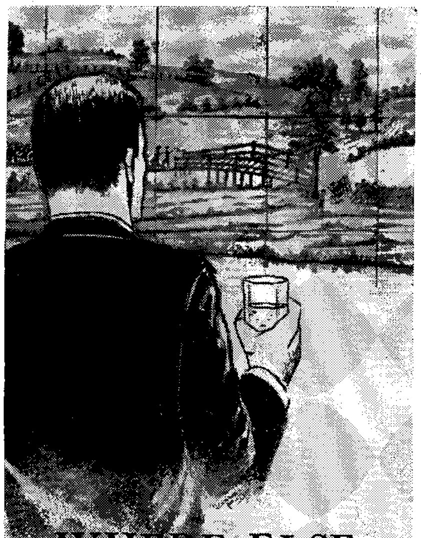
which a northwest wind whipped over the course. In addition to making play from tee to green that much more precarious, the wind quickly dried out the greens. By Saturday, not only were they slick and slippery but on some of them the young grass, not hardy enough to absorb the tournament traffic, became pocked with spikemarks, which made even short putts quite treacherous. For myself, I think it was the increasing difficulty of the greens that finally threw the pros. (Incidentally, for the first time in the Open's history, no amateur survived the thirty-six-hole cutoff, when the field is pared to the fifty low scorers and ties.) When seasoned competitive golfers are not playing well, they rely on their putting skill to bail them out, but at the Country Club things worked just the other way; instead of recouping strokes on the greens, they dropped more strokes. On Arnold Palmer's third round, for example, he missed three putts of under three feet, and many other putters of reputation sooner or later completely lost their confidence and touch. Indeed, the more one thinks about this Open, the more one is reminded of the 1935 Open, when a field that included such sturdy players as Walter Hagen, Gene Sarazen, Macdonald Smith, Henry Picard, Craig Wood, and Harry Cooper could not cope at all with the lightning-fast shaved greens at Oakmont. That year, when a strong wind blew up during the final round, none of the twenty leaders broke 75, and the one man whose total was under 300 was Sam Parks, the darkest dark horse ever to win the Open.

WHEN play got under way at Brookline on Thursday morning, there was little or no intimation of the shape of things to come. One of the comparatively early starters—Bob Gajda, a forty-six-year-old club professional from Bloomfield Hills, Michigan—was out in 35, even par for the first nine, and then came back in 34, two shots under par on the much longer and tougher second nine, for an excellent 69. It seemed just like any other first day of the Open, and most of the interest, as usual, centered on the progress of the two favorites—Palmer, back in stride after his victory in the Thunderbird Classic the previous week, and Jack Nicklaus, the twenty-three-year-old defending Open champion. Palmer started shakily, bunkering his iron shots to the second and third greens, but then he settled down and played beautiful, easy golf the rest of the way. He was driving like the Palmer of old, busting one tee



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shot after another two hundred and seventy yards or more down the middle of the fairway in screaming low trajectories. His iron play was crisp, and if he had dropped a few of the many putts he missed, he would have been at least three or four shots better than his 73. Oddly, he had to wait until the twelfth, a hole he had earlier described as "ridiculous," for his first birdie. Whether or not the twelfth is ridiculous, it is at least bizarre. A 470-yard par 5 converted for the championship into a par 4, it runs straight out from the tee for some three hundred yards, climbs an abrupt rocky ridge to a second installment of the fairway, and ends in a green whose narrow entrance is protected by a trap on the right. There are indeed easier par 4s, but Palmer was on the green with a drive and a perfectly struck 3-iron that finished twelve feet from the cup. As for Nicklaus, it was clear from the outset that he was not at all in top form. The week before the Open, after taking a brief rest at home from the tournament grind, he had rejoined the professional caravan for the Thunderbird Classic and had counted on using that competition as a tuneup for the championship. However, on the second day of the Thunderbird he developed a painful crick in his neck, and this threw his program out of kilter. He arrived at Brookline patently under-prepared and worried, and, in his anxiety to get squared away, he made some rather unwise moves, which only deepened his dilemma. A natural left-to-right player—that is, he likes to start his shots out to the left of his target and let them fade in to the right—he found on his practice rounds that his tee shots were not only starting out to the left but staying there and finishing in the rough. The day before the tournament, he decided to change methods and play the ball from right to left, as he had done at the Augusta National last April, when he won the Masters. He discovered that this did not work, either; instead of drawing to the left, his drives hung out to the right and, if anything, slid farther out. At seven-thirty that night, very unhappy about his game, he decided to go back to his old left-to-right style, and, in the gloaming, took himself out onto the course for an intensive and fairly encouraging workout. On Thursday, in his opening round, he started off hitting the ball not too badly, and if he had managed to pick up just one restorative birdie on the outward nine, he might have regained his usual formidable concentration and confidence, and perhaps would have been able to play himself

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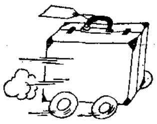

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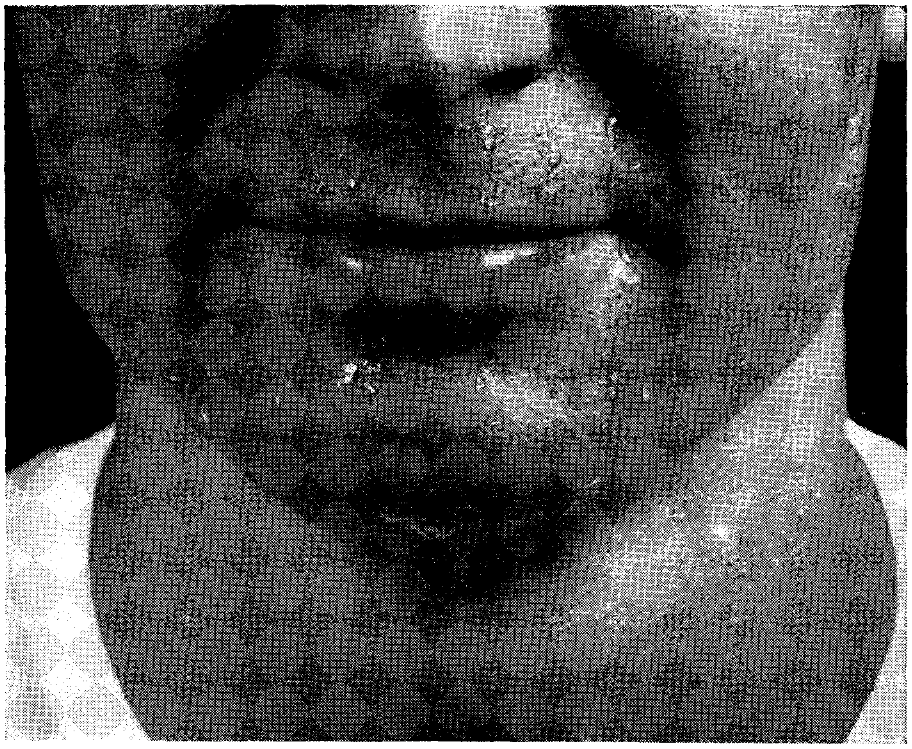
gradually back into the groove. His most damaging failure to cash in on a birdie opportunity came on the rugged 505-yard par-5 ninth, where he lay about five feet from the cup after a wonderful third shot—a wedge pitch from a downhill lie on some stony scrabble. As he was getting set to tap that five-footer, the wind blew a leaf almost into the line of his putt, but in his impatience to get his birdie he decided to go through with the stroke anyway. He jabbed the ball, most uncharacteristically, and it darted well to the right of the cup. After that, it was all uphill going, and he did well to fight his way home in 76. On the second day, when he again started out erratically and could not control his colossal length, it began to look as if he might not even score low enough to survive the halfway cut. A bogey 5 on the eighteenth gave him a 77 for that round, and, as things turned out, his thirty-six-hole total of 153 did prove to be a stroke too high to qualify for the last day's play. For all his disappointment, no one could have handled himself more gracefully than Nicklaus did when he later faced the ordeal of a mass interview with over a hundred reporters. "You guys have got to be crazy, talking to a 76 yesterday and a 77 today," he greeted them cheerfully. He had no alibi for his poor play. No, his neck hadn't bothered him at all. "I always like the opportunity to play golf," he added. "I tried very hard, right to the last putt. . . . What course do we play next year?"

While the protracted misadventures of the defending champion tended to hold the spotlight during the second round, some first-class golf was also played. Palmer went around in an impressive 69 that featured another birdie on the ridiculous twelfth. His total of 142 placed him in a tie for the lead with Finsterwald (73–69) and Cupit (70–72), one shot ahead of Walter Burkemo (72–71) and Dean Refram (72–71), and three shots ahead of Boros (71–74), Tony Lema (71–74), and Davis Love, Jr. (71–74). If Palmer had continued to hit the ball as solidly during Saturday's punishing double round as he had during the first two rounds, he unquestionably would have won the championship with strokes to spare, but it was evident early on Saturday morning that he had lost the sharp edge of his timing and was working hard. Like all the contenders, he was harried by the gustiest winds of the week, and by greens that grew skiddier hour by hour. At noontime, after Palmer, Finsterwald, and Lema had each briefly held the lead, Cupit, a twenty-five-year-old



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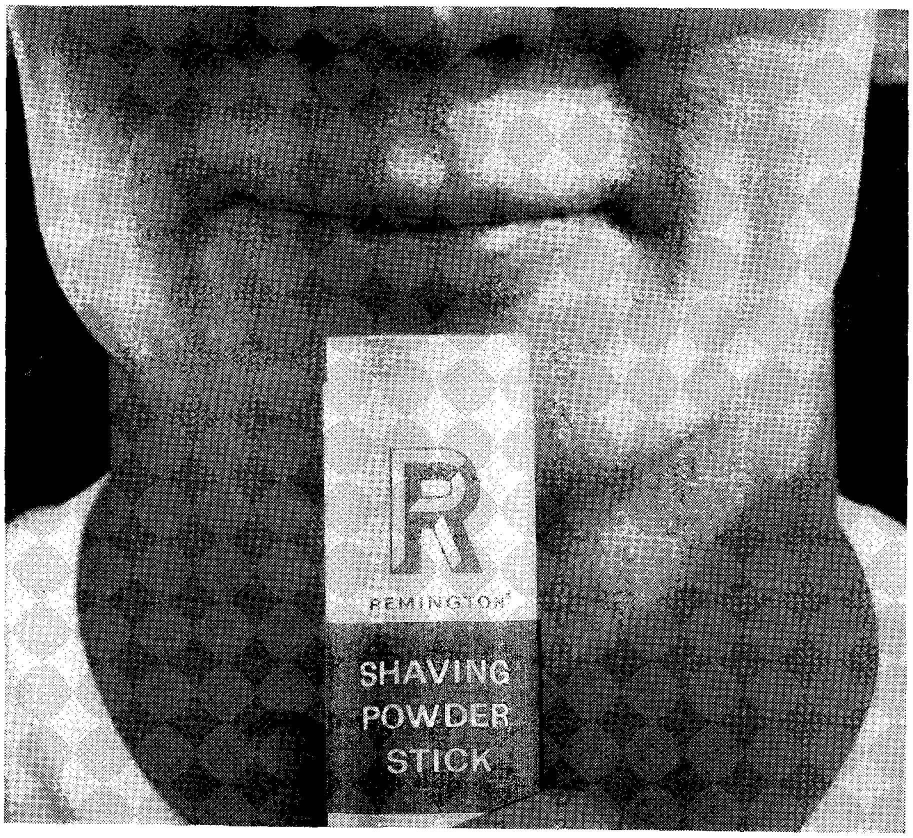

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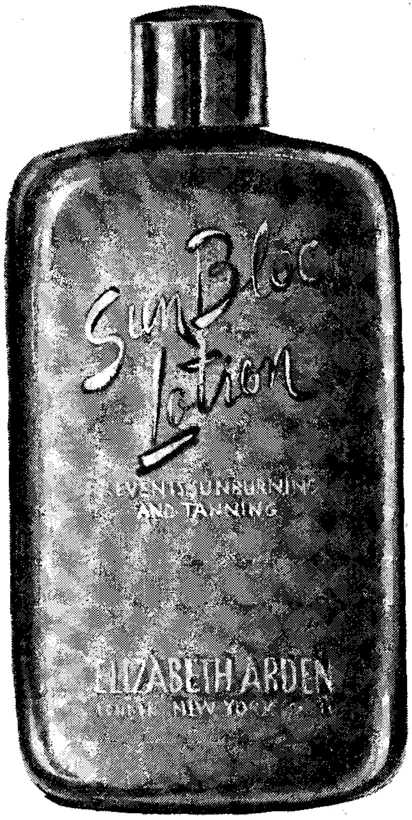

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Texan and the youngest of five brothers who are golf professionals, was out in front by a shot—five over par for the tournament. Cupit has a rather unorthodox and ungainly swing—he starts the club back outside the line, then picks it up almost vertically as he tucks his right elbow in—but he hits through the ball very firmly. He has a reliable short game and a stable temperament. In the afternoon, he continued to play steadily and quite well under the rigorous conditions, and held a one-shot lead over Palmer and a two-shot lead over Boros when he came to the fifteenth hole—the sixty-ninth of the tournament.

Up to this point, the 1963 Open had been a relatively pallid championship—a matter of attrition more than anything else. Here was Cupit playing the fifteenth, and eight over par; Palmer playing the sixteenth, and nine over par; and Boros playing the seventeenth, and ten over par. Suddenly things began to pop all over the place, and since the last four holes of the Country Club are snugly fitted together, allowing a reasonably agile spectator a chance to keep up with the action on all four holes, the rapid succession of explosions was all the more staggering. First, Boros rolled in a touchy twenty-footer on the seventeenth green for his second birdie in a row; at nine over par, he now had a definite chance if the two leaders faltered. Right on the heels of this, Palmer, who hadn't sunk a long putt all afternoon, carefully lined up the breaking twenty-five-footer he had for a birdie 2 on the short sixteenth and holed it. He jumped a yard in the air, and well he might have, since the birdie tied him for the lead with Cupit. The salvo of shrieks and huzzahs from Arnold's Army had hardly subsided when an answering salvo erupted from the spectators around the green of the par-4 fifteenth: Cupit, playing his third shot from the rough some thirty feet to the right of the pin, had holed out his wedge chip for a birdie and, in that twinkling, had regained his lead. Some ten minutes later, when Cupit came to the seventeenth tee, still seven over par after getting his 3 on the short sixteenth, he appeared to be a certain winner. Boros was in, nine over par for the distance after a par 4 on the eighteenth, and Palmer, too, was nine over, after three-putting the seventeenth. (He subsequently got his 4 on the eighteenth.) In other words, Cupit had two big strokes in hand, with two holes to play. The 365-yard seventeenth is an only slightly modified version of the hole that Ouimet birdied on the final round of the 1913 championship to gain

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the playoff with Vardon and Ray, and then birdied again the next day to clinch the playoff. Some two hundred and fifty yards out from the tee, the fairway breaks sharply to the left, and a large bunker guards the angle of the dogleg. It was here that Cupit lost the championship. He pulled his tee shot—he played a 3-wood—into a steep bank of clumpy rough just beyond the sand in that key bunker, punched his recovery shot into the rough forty yards short of the green, pitched to the back edge of the green, and then took three putts, for a 6. After that disaster, he needed a par 4 on the difficult eighteenth to salvage a tie with Boros and Palmer. When he drove into the rough on the right, it looked as though he would never get it. Then, changing at the last second from a 7-iron to a 6-iron for his approach, he came through with a genuinely heroic shot, tearing the ball out of the high grass with his strong hands and slashing it over the bunker before the plateaued green and onto the green itself, some fifteen feet from the pin. He barely missed the putt. History, I'm afraid, was against him. For some reason, no man has ever won the Open by holing a sizable putt on the last green.

THROUGHOUT the championship, there was speculation about how well Ben Hogan, the most accurate shotmaker of all time, would have fared if he had been in the field. Would he have split one tight fairway after another, as he had done in so many Opens? Would he have been able to manipulate the ball adroitly in the high winds—another of his specialties? In short, allowing him adequate results on the greens, would he have mastered this course as he had so many other ornery ones? To be sure, there can be no answers to these questions, but, in any event, the manner in which Boros dominated the playoff brought out in bold relief the fact that a control player of the Hogan school—which Boros definitely is—certainly had the best chance of handling the Country Club. On the afternoon of the playoff—even though there was little or no wind, and conditions were generally less arduous—Boros made the ogre seem like the boy next door. He did this by eschewing power tactics, as he always does, and by keeping the ball in play. Off the tee, he hit all but three fairways, and he didn't miss those by much. He rifled several great irons right to the flag, and when he did miss a green he always came up with an expert wedge recovery from the collar of rough. He

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was in trouble on only one hole—the thirteenth—and by that time, after three birdies on the outward nine, he was so far in front of Cupit and Palmer (who, unfortunately, was battling an intestinal malaise) that this momentary lapse hardly mattered. All in all, it was remarkably clear after the playoff why Boros has built up by far the best record in the Open of any postwar golfer except Hogan. He has now won it twice—the first time was at Northwood, in Dallas, in 1952—and on six other occasions he has finished fifth or better. Incidentally, he is the oldest American ever to win the Open. On the day of the playoff, he was, according to the game's leading actuaries, forty-three years and a hundred and twelve days old—or twenty-six days younger than Ted Ray was when he led the way at Inverness, in Toledo, in 1920.

Off the golf course, Boros is a man of considerable sophistication—he moves his cigarette and his phrases around in a way that recalls Humphrey Bogart—but you would never guess this from watching him in competition. Poker-faced, laconic, a bit on the dour side, he is an efficient, rather than an arresting, golfer, but his colleagues have long respected the smooth, relaxed tempo of his swing and his penchant for being at his best in the big, rich tournaments. This year, for example, he earned more than forty thousand dollars between May 12th and June 23rd, which is not bad at all for six weeks in the sun. His second victory in the Open, of course, has increased his stature as a golfer enormously, for, as Walter Hagen once put it, "Any hacker can win one championship, but it takes a real player to repeat."

—HERBERT WARREN WIND

•

## SUMMER: NEW YORK

On Sunday streets
I fear the clock.
The feral subways
shake my feet
while churches pray.
The gutter spurns
its pose as rock
and turns to tar.
The sun's no star
to utter wishes
on; in last night's room,
the rage of sin
against the tomb
is morning ashes.
I hunt an urn
to dump them in.

—GERALD JONAS

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**serendipity 3**

## THE LEGAL (HA HA) MIND AT WORK

[*Federal Rules Decision, Grau v. Procter & Gamble Co., United States District Court, M.D. Alabama N.D.*]

On January 8, 1963, the official court reporter for this district filed with the Clerk of this Court a certified transcript of the proceedings in this case. Subsequent to the filing of the original certified transcript by the court reporter, the defendants, now the appellees, asked this Court to strike and eliminate certain portions thereof. The exact portions of the record which this Court is asked to strike are as follows:

*Page 24:* "Mr. Garrett: Ha, ha, ha, ha.

* * * * *

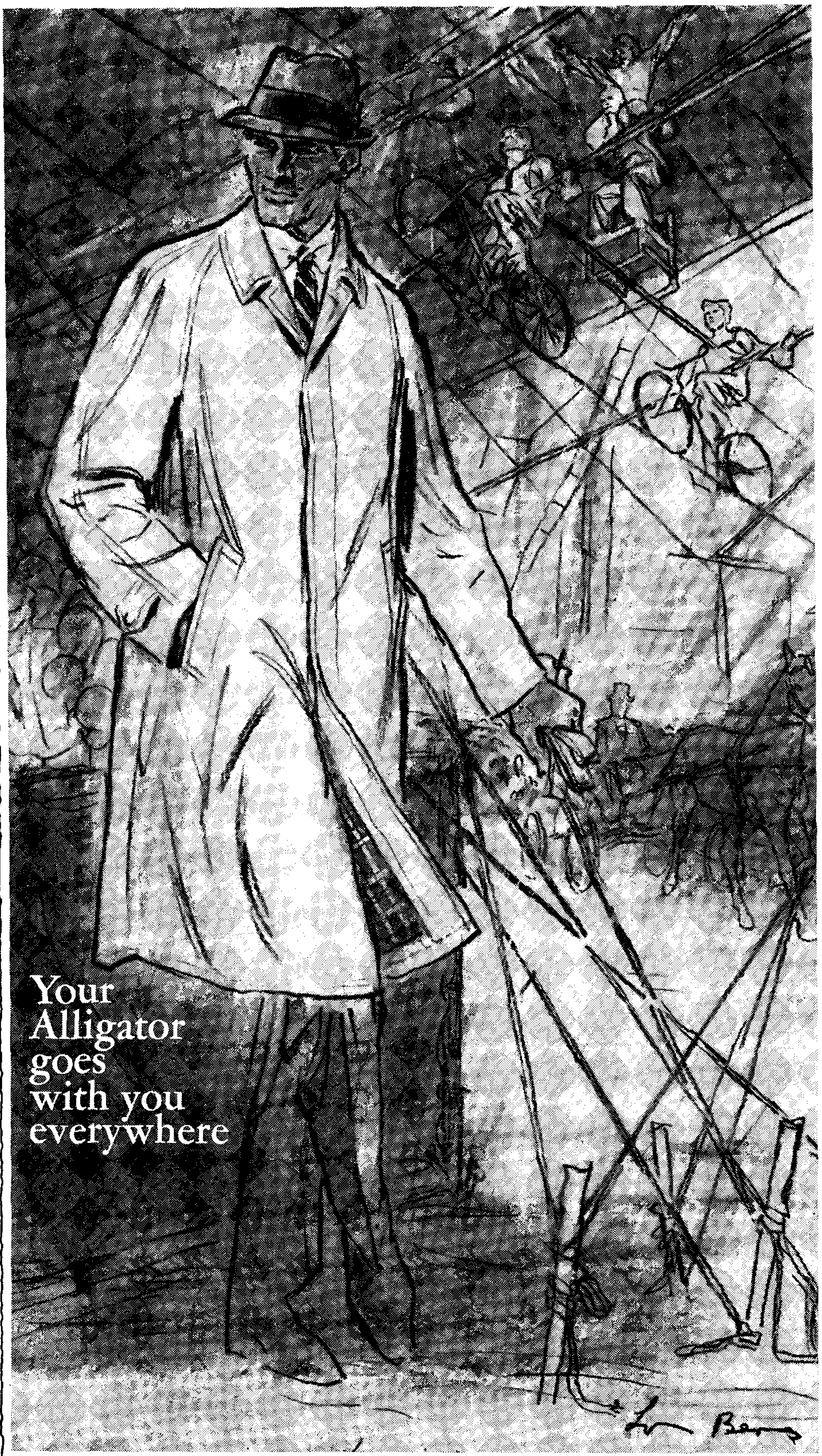
"Mr. Garrett: Ha, ha, ha, ha."
*Page 42:* "Q [Mr. Garrett]: Ha, ha, ha, ha * * *.

* * * * * *

"Q [Mr. Garrett]: Ha, ha, ha."
*Page 74:* "Q [Mr. Garrett]: Ha, ha."
*Page 82:* "Mr. Garrett: Ha, ha, ha."
*Page 105:* "Mr. Garrett: Ha, ha, ha, ha.
"Juror: Ha, ha, ha."

[1] In asking this Court to edit the record and strike the above portions, the appellees state "that although Mr. Garrett and the juror may have made some sound at such times, that it was an inadvertent mannerism, such as a person coughing, clearing his throat or otherwise inadvertently making a sound." The appellees contend that the inclusion of the above portions of the proceeding merely serve to clutter unduly the record on appeal in this case. The plaintiff, now the appellant, formally objects to altering or changing the official transcript.

Those who know the Honorable James Garrett, Attorney at Law, who was, according to the record, doing all of the "ha, haing," would hesitate long and deliberate seriously before suggesting that he is not a highly competent practitioner of the law. This Court has long recognized and appreciated his exceptional and outstanding ability as a trial lawyer. He wears his success graciously—both in and out of the courtroom; he demonstrates his proficiency in the art of trial work in a manner pleasing both to the Court and, most of the time, to the jurors. As is generally true in the case of successful trial lawyers, Mr. Garrett is a past master in the art of suggestive psychology. His long and active experience in trial work enables him to practice with proficiency this art of suggesting through the use of auditory stimulation. He undeniably demonstrated this art of using the hypnotoxin of laughter in the trial of this civil action. When this art is practiced as Mr. Garrett practices it, it is with finesse and without reflecting a lack of respect for the witness, for the opposing counsel, or for the Court. The proficiency of Mr. Garrett in the use of this art is vividly demonstrated by at least one juror (page 105) joining him in his "ha, ha, has." As to how effective with the jury this approach to plaintiff's case (for damages growing out of her hypersensitivity to Crest Toothpaste) was to be, we will never know since the verdict was directed by the Court.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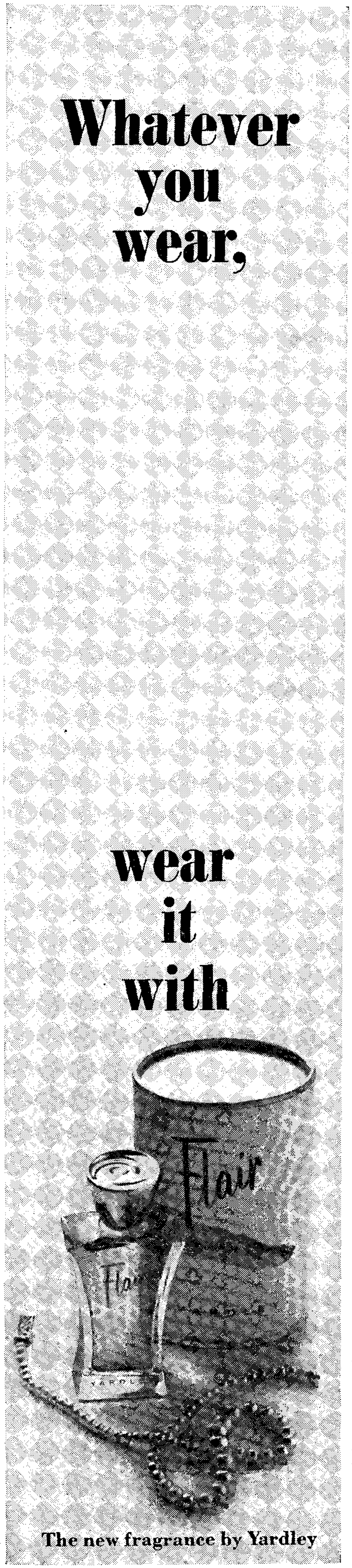
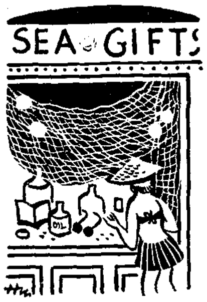


# ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

## THIS AND THAT

The scholars in Lord & Taylor's fifth-floor sports department have apparently been poring over the glories of the ancient world; at any rate, they have Greece and Rome on their minds, to judge by an ingratiating lot of gay, cool dresses (sizes 6 to 20) they have on their racks. From Greece comes a crop of hand-loomed cotton chemises, some of them in white or turquoise blue with stripes as varicolored as those of Joseph's (or perhaps Archimedes') coat, and others in yellow-and-white cord with streaks of yellow lightning zigzagging down the front and back. Italy is the source of smock dresses of peasant cotton (on the order of denim), which may be had in Burgundy, mauve, lilac, or orange—good for a picnic lunch. Morning-to-night Italian silk shifts with scoop necks dipping into deep scoops in back are printed all over with garlands of sprawling red, pink, and fuchsia flowers growing on long gray vines. Black georgette shifts with three-quarter sleeves and sheer enough to fold into a handbag on trips are in a modernistic print—pyramids, bars, triangles, oblongs, and confetti dots—of Shocking pink, green, yellow, blue, and lavender. Two-piece dresses in white sari silk that blooms with squiggly flowers of burnt orange, chartreuse, gold, and black are lined with white silk. France (the scholars are eclectic) contributes nightshirt dresses in pink, blue, or gray chambray with tucked bosoms and deeply slashed hems. Prices run from a scholarly $30 to an academic $135.



The House of European Specialties, 22 East 56th Street, has brought over from Italy some straight-skirted cocktail-dinner suits in Fortuny's cotton brocades. Among the combinations of predominating colors are off-white and gold, gold and ice blue, and rose-beige and celadon green; $100 with a shirt jacket, and $110 with a collarless jacket that has loose three-quarter sleeves.

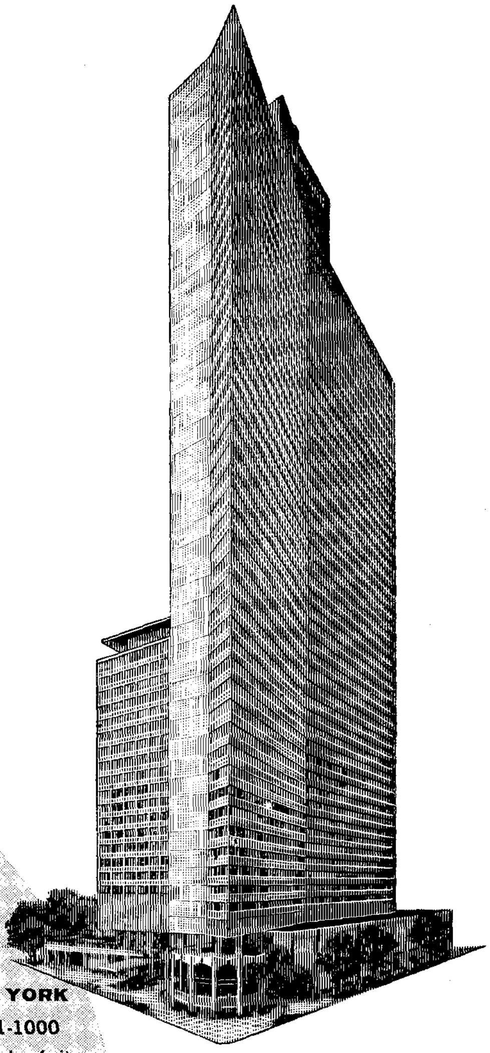
Galleria, 125 East 55th Street, is running up dresses of hand-loomed India-cotton prints. Empire sheaths with drawstrings below the bosoms combine lavender and wine or navy and brick; $25. Straight sheaths of a heavier printed cotton are enhanced by wool embroidery extending from the hips to the hems. Among the color schemes are pale blue or green cotton embroidered with yellow wool, and white or cinnamon brown embroidered with black wool; $50. Sizes are 6 to 14, and orders take a week to ten days.

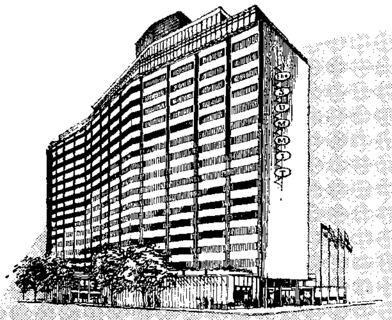
Farther uptown, the Village Store, 822 Lexington Avenue (63rd), has slim black dresses that are valid for late day (and later) all year around. Sizes go from 5 to 15, and prices from $40 to $60. Frocks of cotton-and-rayon ottoman have black passementerie braid at the Empire waists. Cotton-and-rayon princesse dresses with fence collars are stitched in an all-over diamond design. Spongy rayon crêpes, bloused at the high waists, are accompanied by detachable cowl collars, and décolleté ribbon knits are suspended from slender shoulder straps. Best of all: short or long slinky sheaths of off-white, evergreen, garnet, or black crinkled rayon crêpe.

Abercrombie & Fitch has a supply of visor-hooded foul-weather coats from Sweden, where the weather *can* be foul, no matter what the Tourist Board says. They're made of yellow, red, or white vinyl-coated cotton, and they're handsome enough to wear into town on stormy days. The price is a modest and unbelievable twenty-two bucks. Sheaths from Hong Kong play dual roles as they reverse from royal-blue silk damask to jade-green plain silk; two-tone sashes nip them in. They cost $35, and the same outlay gets you a casual button-down-the-front dress with a scoop neck and no sleeves, which buzzes forth in white drip-dry cotton printed with giant bumblebees. A zooful of yellow pelicans, purple flamingos, blue dancing turtles, or green kangaroos inhabits an array of white cotton blouses with Bermuda necks; $10. From England, brown calf golf shoes with fringed tongues and rubber soles, as soft as bedroom slippers, weigh in at nine ounces; $30.

Bendel's first floor offers frivolous diversions to spark summer wardrobes from head to toe. From the Hat Bar come squashy turbans in Shocking-pink chintz blooming with orange

the *New* in *New* York





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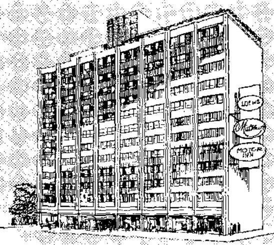

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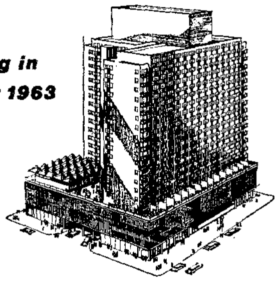

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and purple anemones. Childish floppy-brimmed sun hats of checked Dacron gingham are anchored by bonnet strings, and wide-brimmed beach hats of natural leghorn by checked cotton triangles that button under the chin, and may be worn under the towering crowns instead of over, if you don't need an anchor. Chefs' hats of black, white, or printed piqué can be draped into hoods. Switzerland sends bowlers, padre hats, and cloches of Borsalino felts, and fedoras and George Sand hats of stitched Honan silks; the highest tab is $30 and the lowest $6. Soigné leather tote bags (white, brown, or turquoise), over a foot high and almost a foot wide, fold into purses when they're not called on to do any toting; $28.60, federal tax included. Nests of three straw satchels—thirteen, eleven, and five inches high, and from twenty to eight inches long—each in a different hue, are $38.50, f.t.i. Play shoes include slip-ons in patchwork calico patterns (they have red laces), red-and-white bandanna-cotton thong sandals, and white leather slippers painted with tiny pastel posies and blades of grass; all cost $4.

THE Miss Bonwit, Junior, lingerie department is showing short nightclothes in junior sizes 7 to 13. They have been christened Country Cousins and cost $8 a throw, and among them are middy gowns of red cotton sprinkled with white pin dots; these have white cotton sailor collars bordered with two rows of red braid, and red cotton neckties. Two-piece pajamas of blue cotton (with the white pin dots) have pullover tops, outlined with red stitching, and clam-digger-length trousers; red cotton scarves (white pin dots again) tag along, to tie around the waist or over the head. White cotton decorated with blue and yellow butterflies, green tulips, and Shocking-pink and orange daisies is transmuted into (a) short muu-muus and (b) pajamas comprising a tunic shift and shorts.

NORSK, a new shop at 114 East 57th Street, has, among other wares, hand-wrought modern silver jewelry, the work of nimble fingers in Fredrikstad, Norway. Silver butterflies flutter as pendants beneath short bangle necklaces, and plaques enamelled in mottled blue and gray hang from long silver link chains; $30.25 and $88, respectively. Fat, free-form hoop earrings look like representations of musical notes; $13.75. Adjustable snake jewelry that is said to be an exact copy of the stuff

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America House adds a new expression to the fine art of lighting. Handwoven delicate filigree patterns in a variety of shapes and sizes. Striking when used singly, even more dramatic in clusters. In easy-to-care-for vinyl. Available in white-on-white or colors. Wall, table, ceiling versions. $22 to $52

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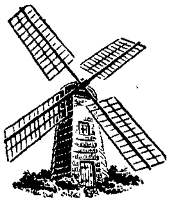

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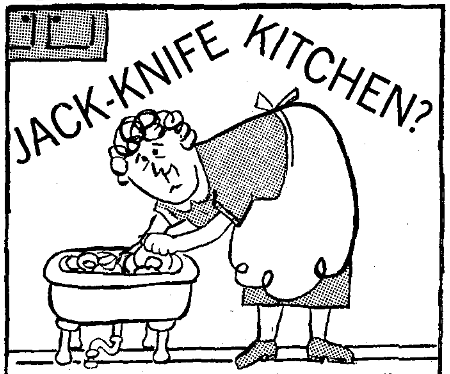
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worn by the Vikings (hmm!) includes bracelets, rings, and earrings; $5.50 to $19.25. The prices include the luxury tax. —M. M.

•

It is impossible to foretell the precise nature of the problems that will confront us or the specific skills and capacities which these problems will demand.

But there are no signs that as a company we will be spared any of the problems arising from containment, on the one hand, and global expansion, diversification and product discovery through research and development, on the other hand.

But, even if we are called upon to face a still greater challenge, do not underrate our capacities, our energies, our potentialities or our zeal for greatness.

*For the moment we must keep pace to a different drum, but unlike the ocean we can and will hasten our tide.*

*We know* the value of stern discipline and vigorous unremitting effort.

*We know* that high qualities and achievements are not matters of chance, but the product of long, hard toil.

*We know* we are, more than ever, masters of our own fate—for we have the will to translate knowledge into action and to gain further knowledge from action.

*We know* we can face and meet the travail of uncertainty and the unknown.

These are things *we know!*

Now, there is something I want *you to know.*

It has been said "that no *single* principle can answer all of life's complexities." I propound, however, that the challenge of the future lies *in the human heart, in the realm of the spirit.* Sustained by a high faith we call upon ourselves, as did our forebears, *to transmit challenge into triumph.*

*I have publicly stated that it is the avowed objective of this Company to be great. I pledge to you that this generation of superb organization, endowed with a determination as strong as the coil of life itself, will meet its commitment.*

For we believe:

"The woods are lovely, dark and deep
And we, too, have promises to keep
And miles to go before we sleep."

*—From an address by the president of Mead Johnson & Co. at a meeting of stockholders.*

Would you like a cup of coffee?

•

### ANTICLIMAX DEPARTMENT

*[Letter received by a man in New Canaan]*

DEAR FELLOW CITIZENS OF NEW CANAAN:

Today our most precious heritage—our freedom—is threatened by forces more powerful, more resourceful, more ruthless and more destructive than at any time in our history. As Americans, we all must share in the struggle to preserve the peace and our freedom.

One way in which we can show unanimity in an unshakable determination to preserve that freedom for ourselves, and for our children, is to join hands on July 4th, and participate in a giant fireworks display.

HADLEY has it . . . the costume complete! Camel hair cardigan and sleek sleeveless shell, with matching flannel skirt . . . and high fashion supple leather trim. In ivory and camel, together or separately.

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Hadley

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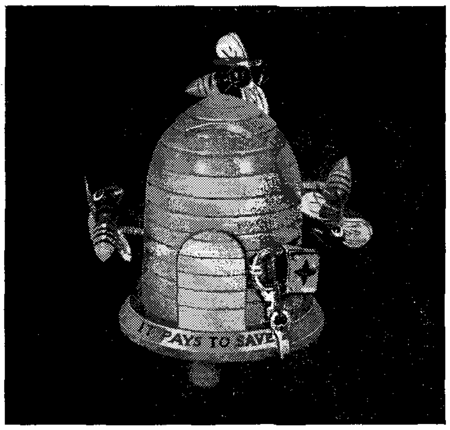
Smart saving! Because at current dividend rates your $15,000 will be worth almost $22,500 in just ten years. It will start by earning dividends from the DAY of deposit. Our latest quarterly dividend totals



4¼% a year. That's 3¾% regular plus an extra ½% tacked on savings on deposit for more than one year. And we're the one savings bank in all New York that's paid dividends 144 years in a row.

*Cheer up. You can get our Bobbing Bee bank with any amount from $10 to $15,000. So grab your checkbook, fill out the coupon and mail it today.

**The Bank For Savings, Dept. NY-6**
**Park Ave. So. at 22nd St., N. Y. 10, N. Y.**

Please open a savings account in my name, as checked, and send me your Bobbing Bee bank. Enclosed for deposit is $ ________

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# WILD MUSIC

Copywriters ought to think carefully of the possible consequences of their words, and not get innocent third parties immersed in a lot of unwanted cormorants. For instance:

> From July through September, the Minack Theatre presents a festival of Greek, Shakespearean, mediaeval, and modern plays. *The cry of cormorants and the drum roll of surf add a wild and lonely music.*

That is from a recent British Travel Association advertisement in this very magazine, and may well bring shovelloads of dollar spenders down to the Cornish coast this summer. A good thing for us in Britain (I am British), and a good thing for the visitors. The Minack Theatre is splendidly set in the open air, and its back cloth of tumbled cliff and wide sea and sky must lend (though I have never had the fortune to be present) an added grandeur to an Oedipus or an Antigone, a Lear or a Lady Macbeth. There can be no objection in principle to an appeal to the people of Omaha and Wisconsin to come over and savor these delights. It is the wild and lonely music I jib at.

I have known the cliffs of Cornwall practically since they were so high. Also their cormorants. These birds (genus *Phalacrocorax*) fly with rapid wingbeats and the keen sense of purpose that an outstretched neck conveys, usually quite low over the open water. They give pleasure by staying longer below the surface when they dive for fish than the watcher can credit, and by reappearing where he is not looking. They stand on rocks and hold their wings out to dry, in a manner that nobody has yet failed to describe as heraldic. But their cry—now, that is a music that I have never yet enjoyed, with or without benefit of surf. One ought to have heard it, I do agree. Stretched out among the sea pinks on Pentire or by Tintagel's legend-haunted steep, one should surely catch, faint and far below, a long, lorn trumpet call, rising and falling, dying yet echoing still—*the unmistakable, unforgettable cry of the spume-drenched cormorant.* Born of the wind and spray, at one with the magic and mystery of the lonely wastes of water, that poignant, undulating call seems to come to us from some remote past, to carry with it a desolate breath of the days, perhaps fifty million years ago, when *Phalacrocorax* first lived and loved in an Oligocene dawn.

Nature, however, does not always rise to its opportunities, nor does fine

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writing necessarily make fine birds. The brutal truth is that the cormorant has no cry. It croaks. And even that it only does, as a rule, on its nesting sites. Let us listen for a moment to the authorities, to whose utterances (positively melodious by comparison) I have had recourse in vexation at my inability to recall the living voice of the theatre-haunting cormorant:

> It is usually silent away from nesting-sites and roosts, where the chief notes are various deep guttural noises, "karrk," "kworrk," etc.—P. A. D. Hollom, "The Popular Handbook of British Birds."

> Rarely heard away from nest, where it has a good many guttural notes.—R. S. R. Fitter, "The Pocket Guide to British Birds."

> Usual note a low, guttural "r-rah." —Roger Tory Peterson et al., "A Field Guide to the Birds of Britain and Europe."

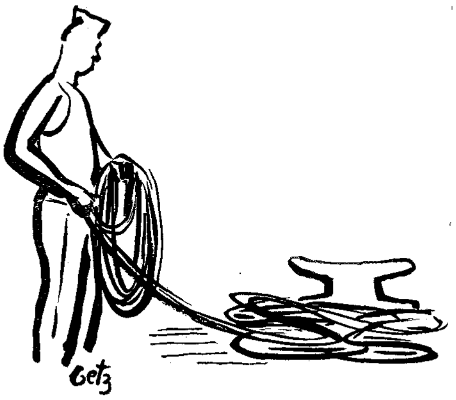
It crossed my mind that the B.T.A. writer, deviating into an error that has trapped others before now, might have mistaken shags for cormorants, perhaps confused by the boom of the surf and some windy medieval play. But the same authorities are at least as discouraging about shags:

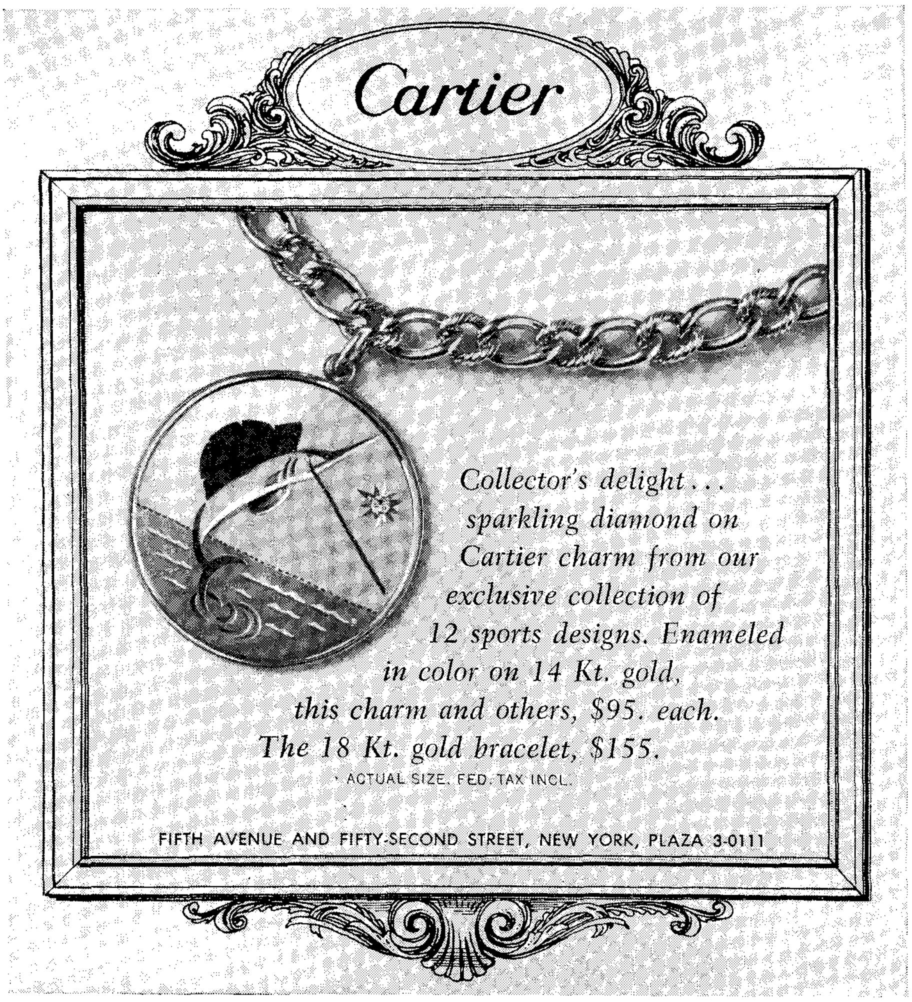
> Notes at breeding-places are harsh and croaking, recorded as "kroak-kraik-kroak."—Hollom.

> A harsh croak.—Fitter.

> A loud, rasping croak. At nest, a deep grunt and loud hissing.—Peterson.

It becomes uncomfortably clear that Americans are being lured to Minack under something like false pretenses. Even if, which I take leave to doubt, there is a cormorant and/or shag nesting colony within croaking distance of the theatre, can one honestly say that wild and lonely music will be provided as advertised? The surf may roll its drums as never before, but what are our transatlantic guests to make of all this guttural grunting and hissing? They might reasonably protest that they could get as good background noises from any London audience—or New





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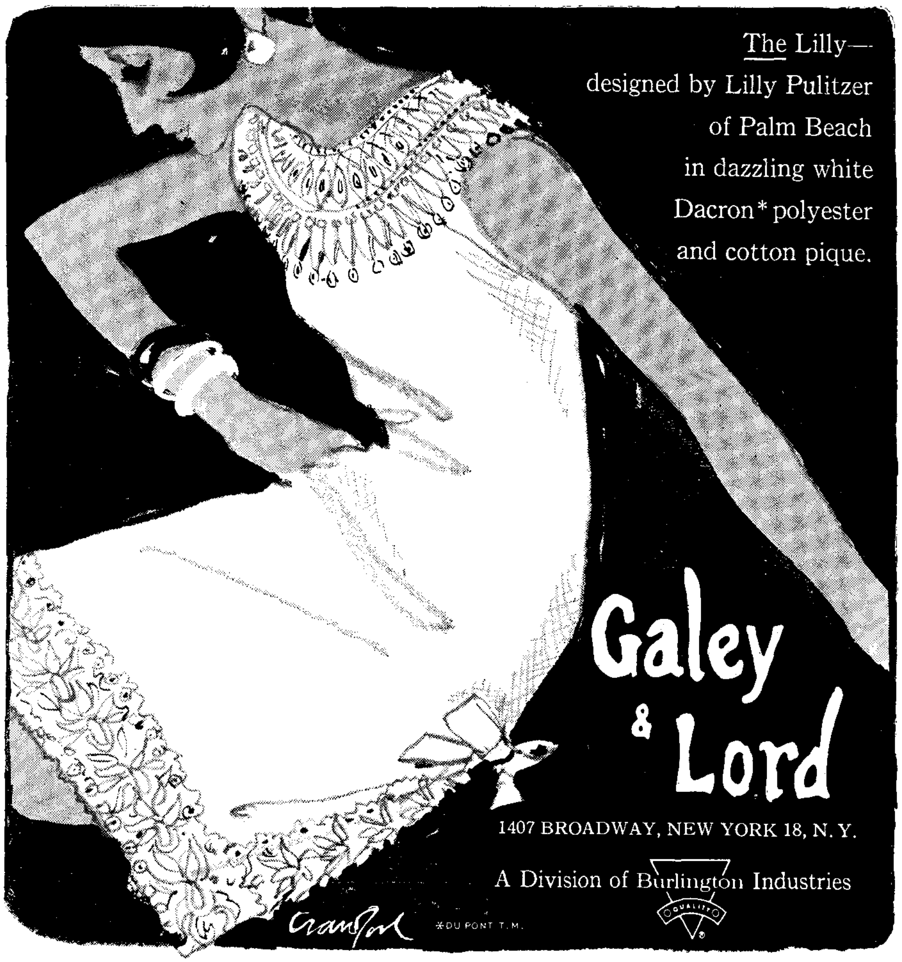

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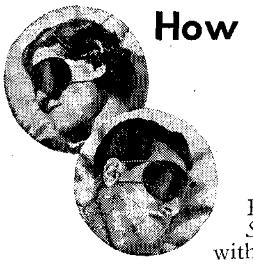

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York. They might go further and say that they would sooner take their tragedies without interruption. Aeschylus is tricky stuff:

ORESTES: Oh, heritage of Grief! Incarnate Woe!
Oh, bloody hand of Doom that jars the strings! (*Kworrk*)
Now is the voice of melody brought low. (*Karrk, karrk, kworrk*)
ELECTRA: Oh, how they grate, these harsh chords Sorrow wrings! (*R-rah*)

Even so carefully chosen a passage as that seems doubtfully enhanced to me. Nor can I find in the whole of Shakespeare more than one or two scenes, in "Lear" and "Macbeth," that could benefit from deep guttural noises *off*, flourish of "kworrks," etc. There is a kind of wild and lonely music that just does not go with high tragedy.

Of course, if they were putting on Aristophanes, now, there might be something in it:

CHORUS OF FROGS: *Brekekekex. Koax. Koax.*
DITTO SHAGS (*off*): *Kroak-kraik-kroak.*
B.T.A. COMMENTATOR (*at back*): *Phalacrocorax!*

That should raise a laugh among knowledgeable Chicagoans. Or, rather, it might—but for the sad circumstance that the cormorants and the shags will be through with their nesting by the time the Minack Theatre opens. From July through September, I fear, not a croak will be heard, not a guttural note. The surf will have to go it alone.

—H. F. ELLIS

•

The Nation is running out of mathematicians, even though it is training more of them than ever before, two prominent math teachers said in Berkeley yesterday.

This is serious, said Professor John L. Kelley of the University of California, for "if another war is fought, it will be a mathematician's war."

Kelley added that in his opinion it will also be the last war.—*San Francisco Chronicle*.

And there goes mathematics.

•

### MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Nyack* (*N.Y.*) *Rockland County Journal-News*]

MIAMI, FLA. (AP)—A woman was seen in a coin laundry late one warm night, clutching a coat around her as she stood near a drier.

The machine stopped and she gathered up a handful of articles of clothing from the machine.

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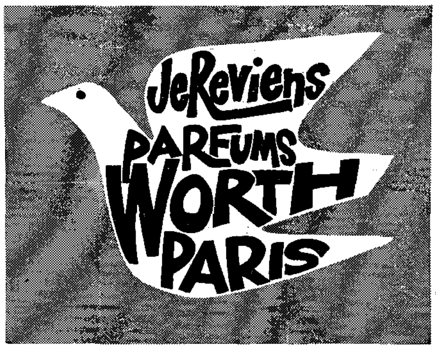

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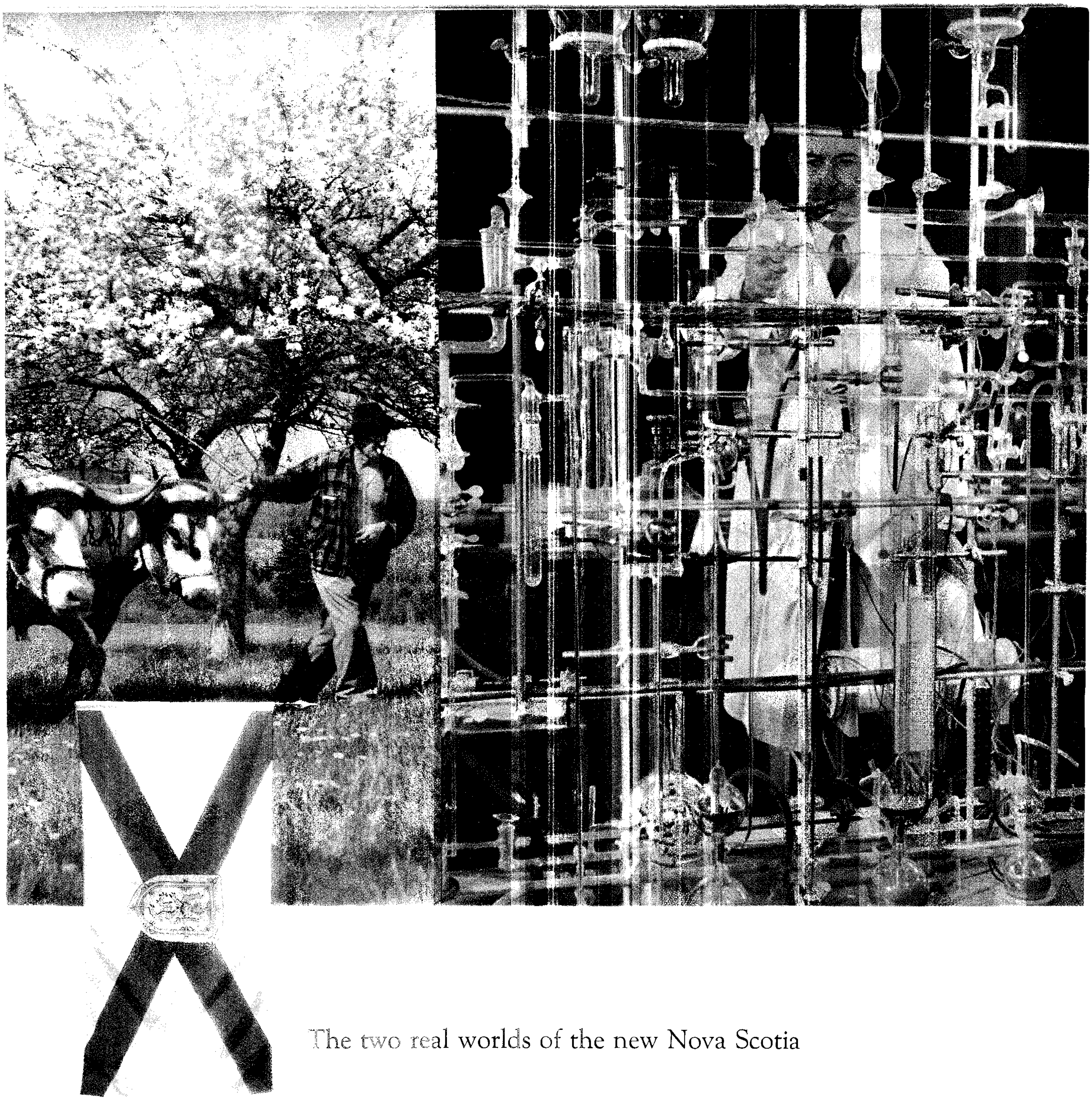

## The two real worlds of the new Nova Scotia

The oxen in the field are as genuine as the salt spray in the air, or the fishermen in the bays and coves mending their nets. So too are the jet aircraft winging into the Halifax International Airport.

Nova Scotia's industry has embraced the technology of the mid-twentieth century without destroying the values of the past. The mixture of the best of tradition and most valid of the present gives Nova Scotia its unique charm and vigour.

Because of these qualities many businessmen have recently turned their attention to Nova Scotia: to the seaports which are closer to European markets than any other ice-free ports on this continent; to the accessibility to the rich markets of the eastern U.S. and Canada; to the human and material resources and the competitive low costs.

The Nova Scotia government offers both technical and financial aid to firms wishing to establish new business, new factories in the province. Firms which have already opened plants or factories in the new Nova Scotia are pleased not only with the balance sheet, but also with the reactions of their employees who have moved here. Nova Scotia provides a happy and unharassed environment for the whole family to live, grow and play.

If you have been thinking of expanding your business, or re-locating your plant or factory you would be wise to investigate Nova Scotia's possibilities. For the booklet, "New Nova Scotia," write or visit the Dept. of Trade and Industry, Halifax, N.S. or the Nova Scotia Information Offices listed below.

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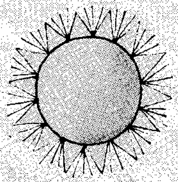

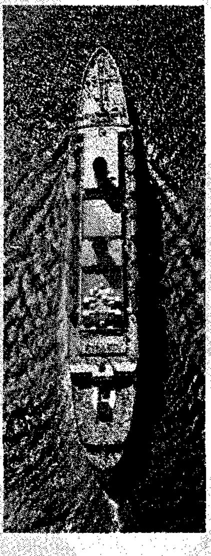

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## DEPARTMENT OF AMPLIFICATION

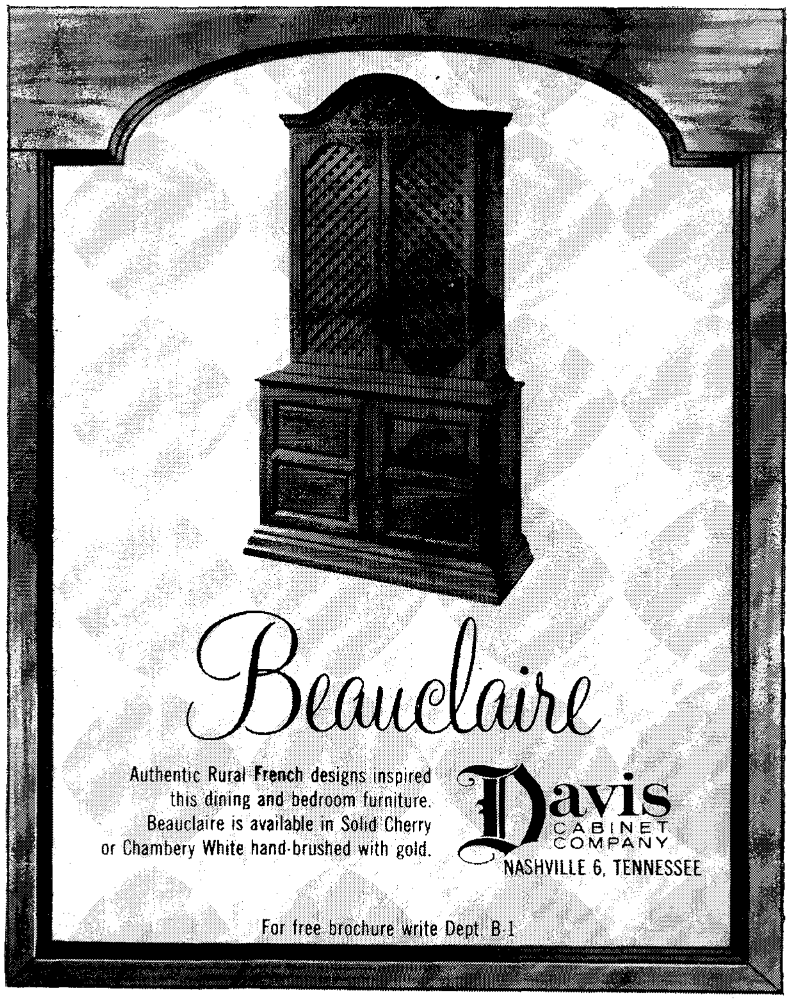
THETFORD CENTER, VT.,
JUNE 23, 1963

To the Editors, *The New Yorker*,
DEAR SIRS:

UNDER the heading "Incidental Intelligence (Is Nothing Sacred? Division)," you lately reported that some Vermont farmers are using plastic bags rather than wooden buckets to catch the sap from maple trees. This is true, though plastic tubes that eliminate the need to catch the sap at all (they run it directly from inside the tree down to the sugarhouse) are more popular still. But that's not what I'm writing you about.

I am unable to decide whether you really believe that maple-sugar producers, in Vermont or out of it, were using wooden buckets until the plastic apparatus came along. Since wooden sap buckets started to go out not long after the Civil War ("I like tin," said the Secretary of the Vermont Board of Agriculture in 1886), and since they had pretty well disappeared, even on hill farms such as mine, by about 1920, it seems improbable. On the other hand, city people plainly haven't been following the development of sugaring at all closely. For example, every spring your magazine publishes one or two cartoons that show some farmer gathering sap from buckets of the wrong shape, without covers, hung too high on what look to be beech trees, or possibly box elders. Most farmers do still hang buckets (they're made of galvanized steel, with peaked lids to keep the snow out), and we mostly still boil down over wood fires, rather than over oil fires, but we never tap box elders. If you can swallow those cartoons, I don't suppose you have much trouble believing in the wooden buckets.

Actually, I don't blame either you or your cartoonists at all. I think there's something I shall henceforth call the Wooden Bucket Principle at work here. By this I mean a tendency to imagine almost anything in the country as simpler and more primitive and kind of nicer than it really is. Picture calendars are the most familiar example. Every time I see a calendar decorated with a color photograph of a New England village, I look, and I'm never disappointed. There's the little village, nestled among the hills. There's the white church. What about the filling station? It's been cropped. There are never gas stations in pictures of New England villages. Those big orange school buses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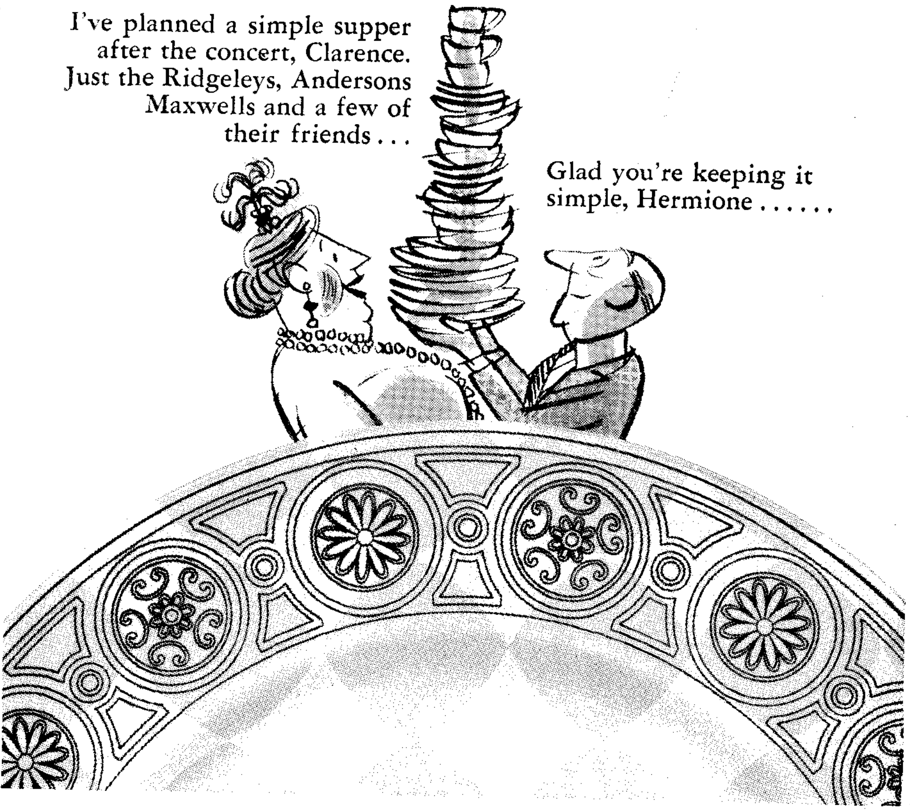
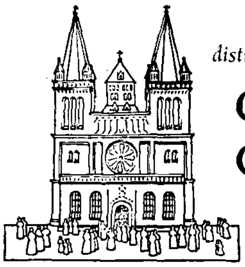

I've planned a simple supper after the concert, Clarence. Just the Ridgeleys, Andersons Maxwells and a few of their friends . . .
Glad you're keeping it simple, Hermione . . . . . .



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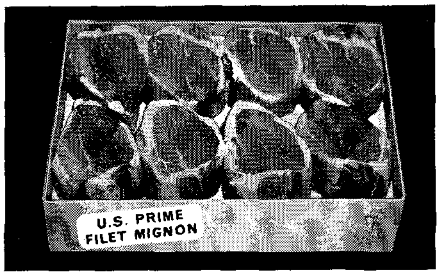

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don't generally get into such pictures, either, nor does the town shed, with a couple of modern road scrapers lying around out front.

I also find the Wooden Bucket Principle operating in the books that we have begun to buy for my daughter, who is now two. Some of these are books written and published in the United States in the last four or five years—animal ABCs, I-Can-Do-This-or-That books, and so forth. Supposedly, they are both about and for contemporary American children. Yet I was reading from one just tonight that shows a little girl saying, "Pick. Pick. Pick. I'm a little chick." Behind her are five chicks, about a dozen hens, and two roosters, all wandering freely about in front of a quite charming henhouse, picking for corn. Real American chickens, of course, do no such thing. They neither wander nor pick. Instead, they spend their time, in lots of ten thousand or a hundred thousand, locked in battery houses, never walking an inch. The cages are too small. I think their feed has aureomycin in it.

There's a similar discrepancy in a slightly more advanced book my daughter has. This one shows a girl a little older helping to drive in some cows. Not yet in Vermont, maybe, but on modern dairy farms there's no place to drive cows in from. The modern cow spends her days in a concrete enclosure, receiving her feed—alfalfa, mostly—from an overhead conveyor. In this setup, a little girl would just get in the way. Besides, she'd fall and skin her knees on the concrete. I understand that in California the same method is being used for beef cattle. (One of its advantages is that permanent indoor life gives steers paler flesh. The meat thus has more room to darken once it's cut up and put on display in a supermarket.) Yet for all my daughter will learn from her books, the cows in California all hang around in the sunlight, just like Californians.

As a matter of fact, the Wooden Bucket Principle isn't simply a country thing. I come to New York fairly often, and I've seen it in use by the Port of New York Authority. A couple of summers ago, while the second level of the George Washington Bridge was being built, the Authority started handing out explanatory leaflets at the toll booths. I have several. I well remember getting the first. It made the customary apology for the delay, and the customary explanation that it was for my future safety and convenience. It also showed an artist's rendering of the work in hand. The bridge was in the back-

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ground, looking very handsome but somehow only three lanes wide. The foreground was taken up with sketches of two genial-looking workmen busy widening the New Jersey approaches. They were using for this purpose a shovel and a pickaxe, respectively. I had only to look out the car window to see the scene in actuality: the eight lanes of traffic streaming across, the earth movers and giant power shovels roaring about on the Jersey approaches. There wasn't a workman in sight except dimly, inside some fifty-ton piece of equipment. (I suppose bridgebuilders' flesh is paler these days, too.)

I have no idea where all this is going to end. I may still be writing letters to the editors of *The New Yorker* when the whole magazine is put together by plastic tubes. On the other hand, I may by then have got into a wooden sap bucket and pulled down the lid.

Yours,
NOEL PERRIN

•

### BOOK BLURBS WE HATED TO COME TO THE END OF

[*From the dust jacket of "Journey Into Limbo, A Novel of Intimate Adventure," by Scott Michel, published by Liveright*]

The sins of the flesh, including the sauciness and suavity of life's motivating passion for living, have been depicted and impressed through time and memory. Perhaps this is best illustrated in the engraving by Blake in Dante's INFERNO, "The Whirlwind of Lovers," on the front of this jacket.

The mysterious arm of Fate, having placed Dr. Charles Vernaan, 44, and Ellen Henry, 27, on the same voyage, further weaved its ironic whim to select these two as the only survivors of 1,667 passengers and crew to be recovered from the 24,100-ton "Sea Queen" last heard from on July 23rd.

*The story the world never knew* was how Dr. Vernaan, a leading psychiatrist, and Ellen Henry, one of America's best-known prostitutes, with their conflicting viewpoints, survived eight days in an open lifeboat to find rescue, the only visitors to uncharted Parad Isle in over two thousand years. More dead than alive, they fought for survival on the Isle, even after the Island's governing body, the Council of the Savants, decreed death.

How Ellen, sharing the deep inner feelings of all women, with spirit and principle, despite a surface bravado, started on her illicit career because of ironic necessity—and how Dr. Vernaan cannot resolve his personal difficulties with his wife and son, in spite of his professional achievements, are cleverly analyzed by the author.

Fascinating and unforgettable reading is provided by an ingenious court scene, involving Dr. Vernaan, and one in which Ellen learns, with touches of sardonic humor, the true meaning of love and its devices through her intimate association with Sudda, the Island's rebel leader. Ellen finally commands Dr. Vernaan's respect—*no small achievement!*

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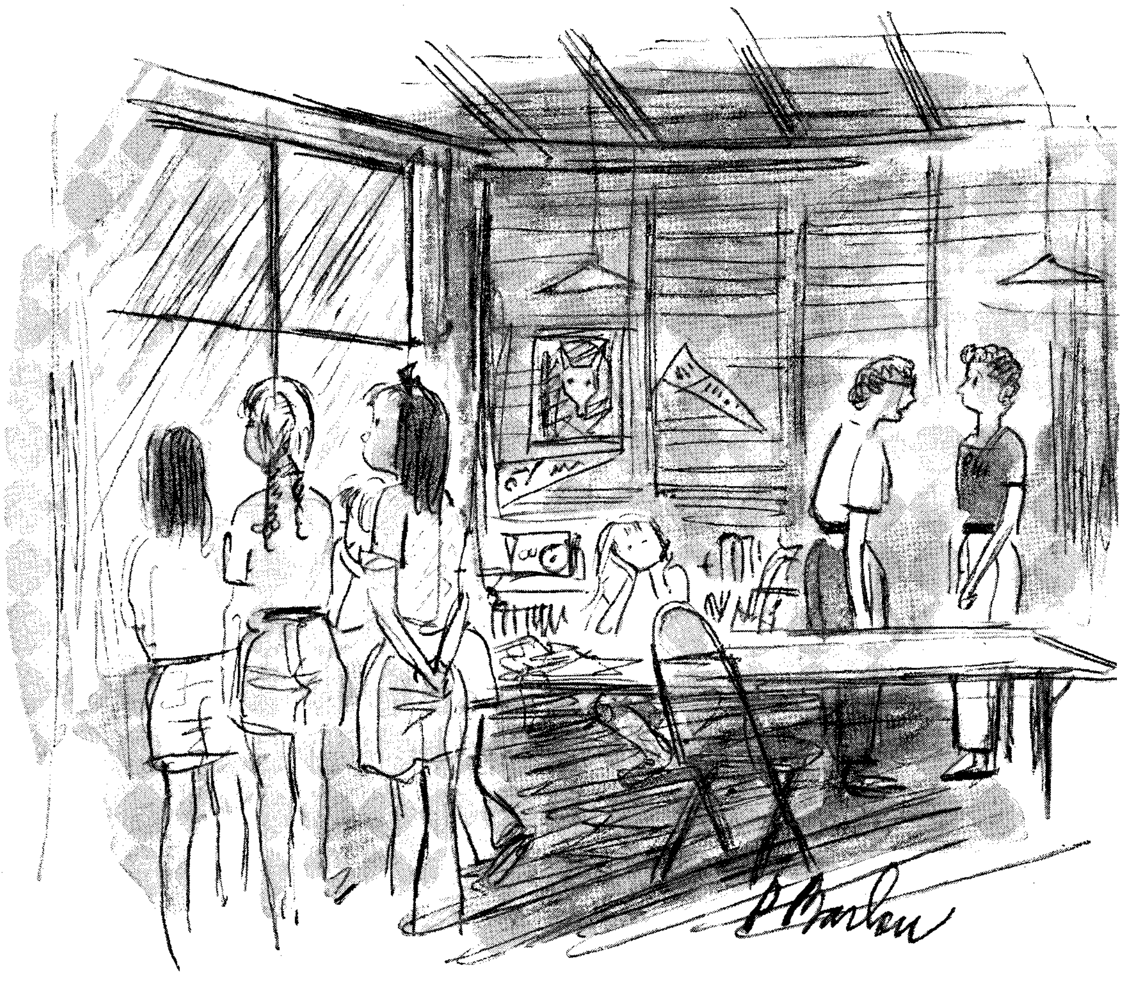
# BOOKS

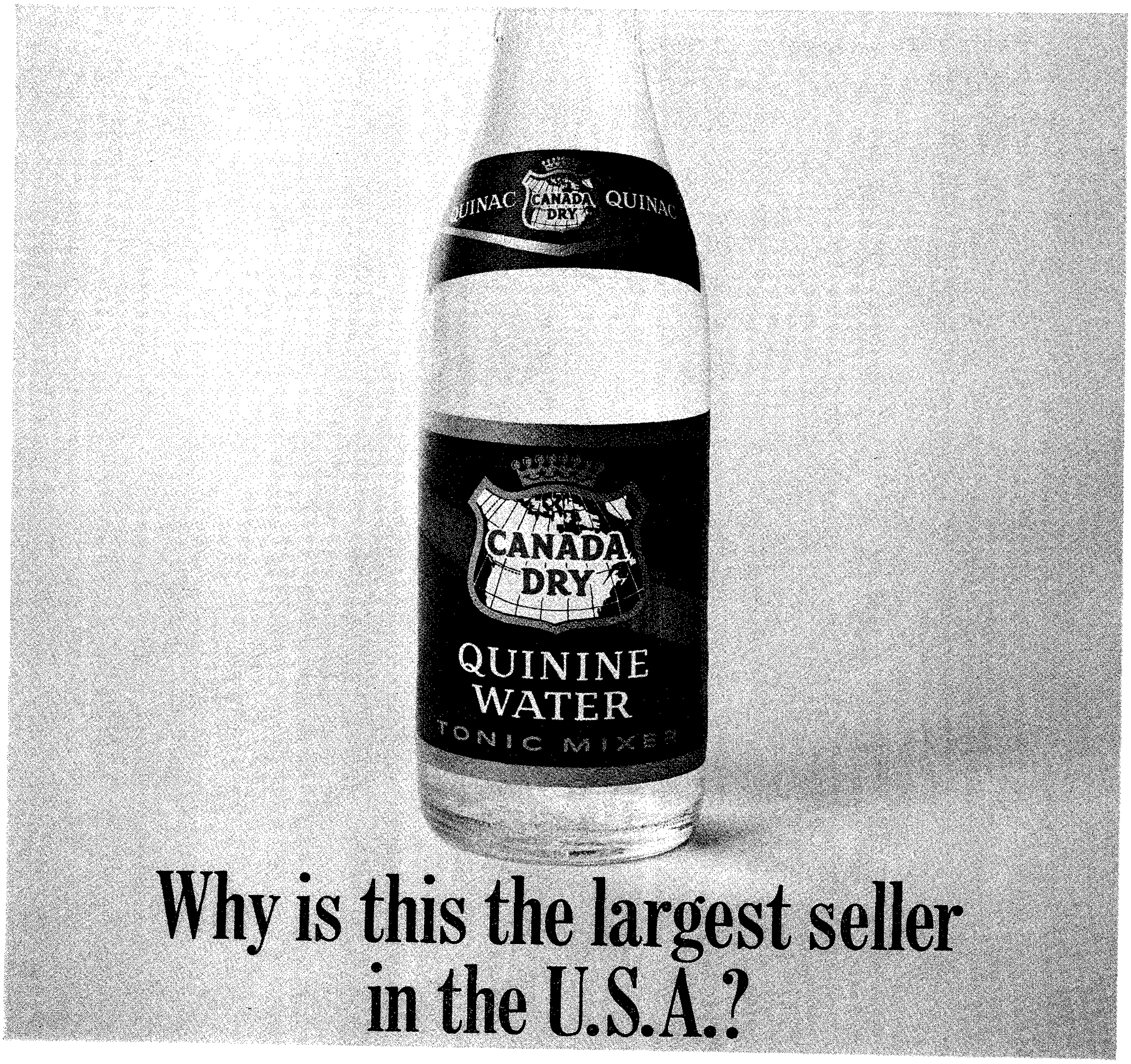
## *A Clink of Bones*

THE historical novel often suggests the ostrich: it is large, it is black and white, it hides its head in the past, and, although it can move quickly on its big feet, it never gets off the ground. The most celebrated of these ostriches is the museum-catalogue historical novel. Its author has generally spent four or five years in research and two years in writing. This care is evident in his foreword, where he offhandedly points out the areas of his subject on which not even the ablest historians agree, and apologizes for the liberties he has taken with chronology and the invention of new characters. It is displayed in notes and a bibliography, and sometimes in appendixes and a glossary. And it is reflected in his steady, wooden prose. Now and then, this form is called a "biographical novel" and is first cousin to those biographies and histories whose heroes, though not invented, are supplied with imaginary thoughts and dialogue, heavily tempered by the subjunctive. Nearly as celebrated is the poetical historical novel. Generally written by a woman, it puts its emphasis on style. This style achieves its effects through short, solemn, shiny-faced sentences. Metaphors infuse them, and so do allusions to colors and fabrics and scents. They have a Biblical tone. Unlike the museum-catalogue historical novel, the poetical historical novel usually comes unbuttressed. Its sources, fed on avidly by female intuition, are carefully concealed. A third type of historical novel is written by both sexes, and no one, barring its author, takes it seriously. It is an improvisation, pretending only to penny-arcade entertainment. Its male authors are distinguished-looking (Thomas Costain), and its female authors beautiful (Kathleen Winsor). And there is a fourth kind of historical novel, which wasn't intended as such at all. This is the plain contemporary novel—the Jane Austen, the Dickens, the Trollope—that has gracefully survived. Not only is it historical, it is a novel, too. When you read it, you are there.

No matter what pose the historical novel affects (our fourth category excepted), it is a doomed exercise. ("But what of 'War and Peace'?" someone shouts. "Isn't that a historical novel?" Well, no. A sensible way to determine whether or not a novel is historical is to borrow a ruling from the United States Customs Service. This agency, in its infinite wisdom, has decreed that a piece of furniture must be at least a hundred years old to be regarded as an antique and so be admitted duty-free. Tolstoy wrote of fifty-year-old events that occurred within the memory of his times. The true historical novel, however, deals with events that antedate even second-hand memory.) The contemporary novel is, among other things, a refraction of its author's experiences. But the historical novel deals impossibly with the secret selves of dead men, who often thought and spoke in dead or vanished languages. So the historical novelist is forced to rely on documents, which, though ghostly and titillating, are merely documents (the writing self and the speaking self are frequently different beings); on history books, which are still further away and at their weakest are simply corporate guesswork; and on intuition and imagination. Moreover, the historical novelist is forced to superimpose on his characters *his* ways of thought and speech and action. Indeed, he sometimes grants them states of mind—our daily-bread anxiety, which simply didn't exist before the Industrial Revolution and the growth of large cities, or the pursuit of happiness, which didn't, either—that his characters would not even have understood. To be sure, these recourses magically collide once in a great while. Two random instances



*"Oh, we'll think of something. The main thing is not to panic."*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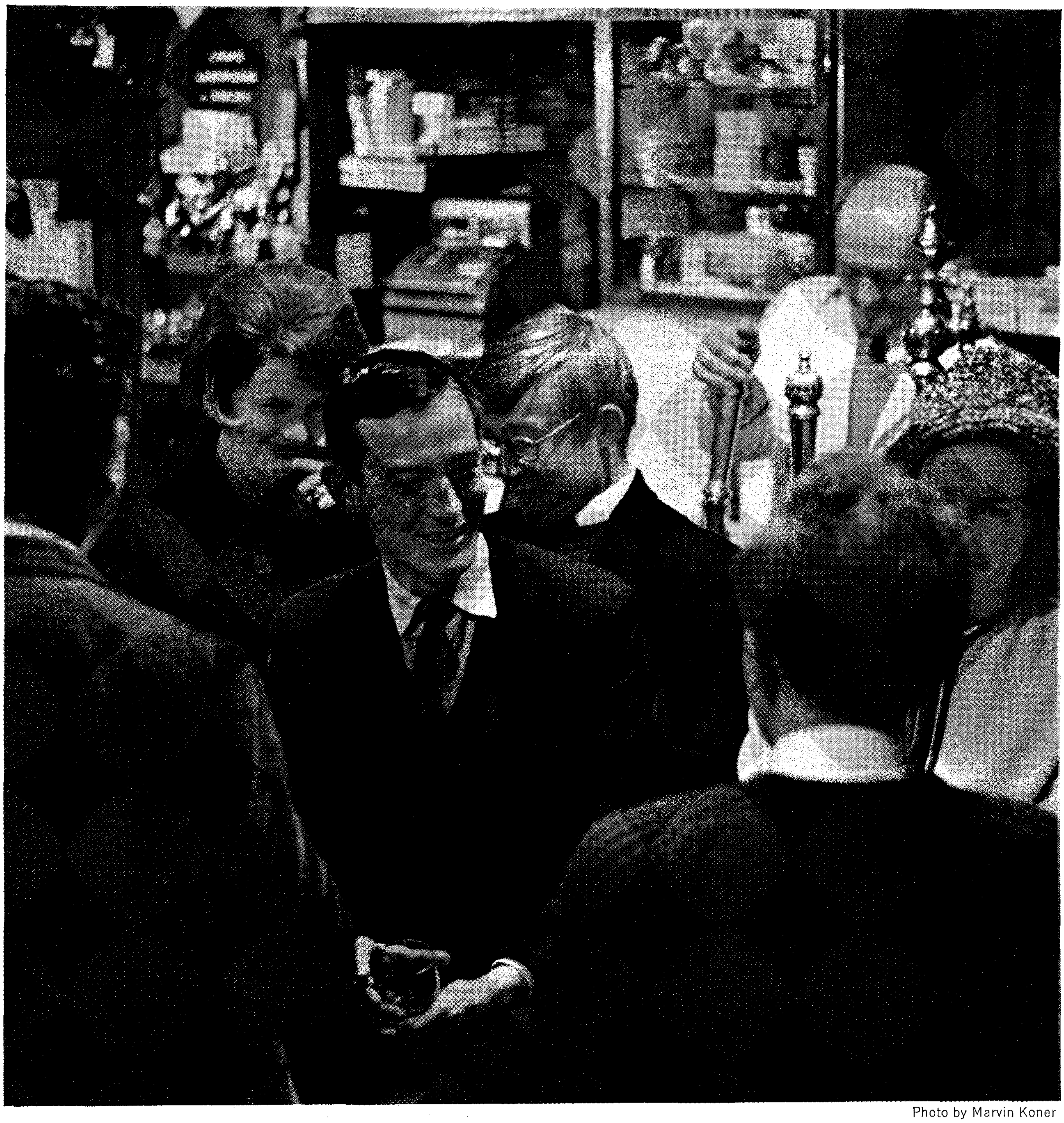

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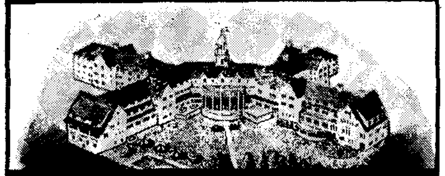

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come to mind—the opening section of "Voss," by Patrick White, which deals with a spinster sitting in an ugly mid-nineteenth-century Australian parlor, and which, in its monolithic pace and texture, exudes horsehair and airlessness; and the jungle-trekking parts of George Millar's "A Crossbowman's Story," which has to do with the conquistadors in South America. In both cases, the results are startling; if all historical novels had such naked psychic power, few readers would touch them.

An excellent example of the poetical historical novel is Bryher's "The Coin of Carthage" (Harcourt, Brace & World). Like most of her novels, it concentrates on plain folks. Indeed, it is the Horatio Alger tale (late nineteenth century) sewn onto the background of Italy during the Second Punic War (218-202 B.C.). Its hero is a poor, ignorant Greek trader, Zonas, whose fortunes begin to spiral upward when his donkey breaks loose at a parade given by the invading Carthaginians and is nearly trampled by an elephant. Hannibal himself is a witness, and is so amused that he gives Zonas a silver coin bearing his likeness. Soon after, the lucky coin concealed in his rags, Zonas saves the life of a wounded Roman officer by carting him on donkeyback to the officer's country villa. Zonas is rewarded with a female slave, who bears his children, and in time he is made the manager of one of the villa's farms. Many years pass (Bryher's handling of time and distance is cottony), and in the final pages Zonas, dreaming in Willy Loman (1949) fashion of his unburdened travelling-salesman days, is a beloved patriarch with white hair and uncertain legs. He is also, along with the rest of the figures in the book, a predictable bore. The Roman officer is the upstart rich boy who finally settles down; his mother is the domineering, jealous matron who has never been loved; Dasius, another Greek trader and an acquaintance of Zonas's, is the slightly shady accomplice who comes to a bad end. All this is silted over by a soft, ungrammatical prose-poetry that is epitomized in this sentence, or sentences: "It was the last moment of dusk; the sunset, it was like a general's cloak, was turning from scarlet into a gray that matched the Tibur walls." In passing, Bryher, she is English, is the nom de plume of Winifred Ellerman.

IF Bryher flattens her nose moodily against the window of the third century B.C., Joseph Jay Deiss, in "The Great Infidel" (Random House), re-

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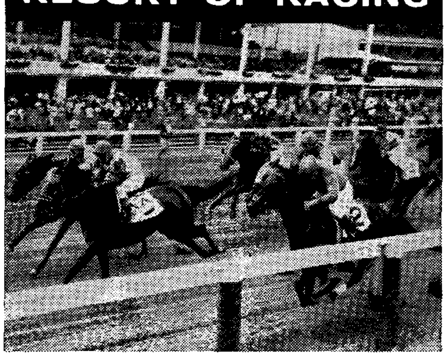

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constructs the thirteenth century A.D. entirely from an omniscient balloon. Nothing escapes his eye, and the book is an exquisitely detailed panorama. We soon know as much as its hero—King Frederick II, Holy Roman Emperor and King of Sicily—about the size, shape, color, and texture of his clothes, jewels, crowns, goblets, books, rugs, chairs, castles, camps, shields, banners, and weapons. We know what his mistresses, pets, wives, children, and advisers looked like, and that he himself was tall and blond. (The Encyclopædia Britannica describes him as "red, bald, and short-sighted.") We know a good deal about thirteenth-century weather. We know the geography and customs of England, France, Germany, Italy, Sicily, and Palestine in the Middle Ages. We know the ins and outs of the fruitless wars that Frederick—or Federico, as he is called throughout—waged against the Church and its demagogic popes. We know that Federico founded a university, wrote a fine ornithological work, dabbled in mathematics and astronomy, was multilingual, welcomed freethinkers to his court, had a harem, and generally travelled with a Saracen bodyguard and a large number of exotic animals. We read his state documents and his letters and his poems. (The book is in the form of a memoir supposedly written in Arabic by Federico late in his life.) We read Deiss's foreword, his copious, conjectural notes, and his bibliography. We admire the fact that the writing of the book was begun, according to his publishers, "in an abandoned goat hut in the Aeolian Islands, near a town built twenty centuries before Rome was founded, [and] was finished in a coastal tower which served as a refuge against the Saracen raiders of the early Middle Ages." At the end, we sort out this superabundance, feed it into the hopper, and, pressing the tabulating button, expectantly murmur, "Well, what was Federico really like?" The answer is immediate and succinct—a clink of bones, a sigh, and silence.

—WHITNEY BALLIETT

## BRIEFLY NOTED

### FICTION

ALMOST PARADISE, by Luis Spota, translated from the Spanish by Ray and Renate Morrison (Doubleday). Mr. Spota describes the rapid ascent and equally rapid downfall of a handsome impostor named Amadeo Padula. Amadeo, the illegitimate son of a Neapolitan prostitute, discovers at an early age that he can make a fairly

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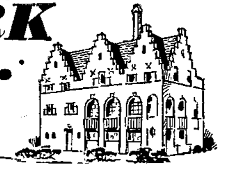

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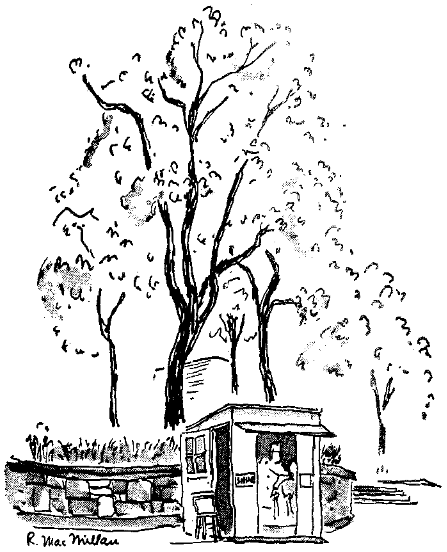
good living simply by taking money from women who fall in love with him. After he decorates himself with a title, he becomes the pet of international café society, and his fairly good living turns into an avalanche of wealth when he manages to get himself engaged to the young daughter of the richest man in Mexico. Mr. Spota takes a heavy-hearted view of his rather silly subject, and he tells his story awkwardly, taking one step back into Amadeo's grimy and pathetic past for every step he takes forward into the false Prince Conti's glittering but not very secure future.

PRETTY LESLIE, by R. V. Cassill (Simon & Schuster). Leslie Daniels, twenty-seven years old, is the cherished but childless wife of a young doctor with a successful practice in a Midwestern town. Leslie—pretty, flirtatious, and very fond of attention—has a part-time job in a commercial-art studio. One summer night, after an office party, she finds herself in bed with one of her colleagues. The man is Don Patch, a crude, ugly fellow, and until this moment she thought she hated him. Leslie is depressed by her adultery, but she consoles herself with the thought that Patch has unleashed another woman in her, and that for the sake of the other woman she is obliged to continue the affair. So she continues it, and would probably still be continuing it if Mr. Cassill had not suddenly decided to stop talking about her, perhaps because he was tired of her. Except for the passages between the heroine and her lover, which are presented in very excited language, the writing is low-keyed, varying only from the terminable to the interminable.

HARRY, THE RAT WITH WOMEN, by Jules Feiffer (McGraw-Hill). In his



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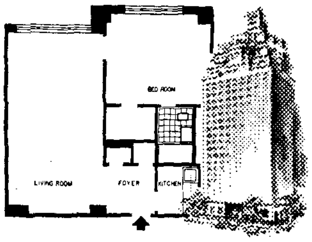

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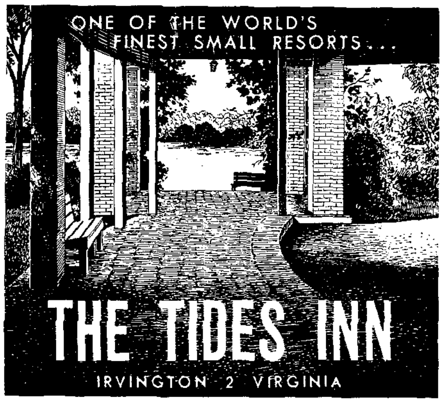
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cartoons, Mr. Feiffer often creates satire that is telling and funny. In this, his first novel, the attempted satire is silly, pretentious, and flat. Harry is a beautiful boy who draws people to him because he is completely uninterested in anyone but himself. One day, he begins to suspect that a girl friend, who has committed suicide, was not perfectly in love with him. His doubts of her love lead to doubts about himself. He becomes interested in other people, and acquires a pimple on his nose. He falls in love, and becomes ugly. He commits suicide. This nonsense is written in bad prose.

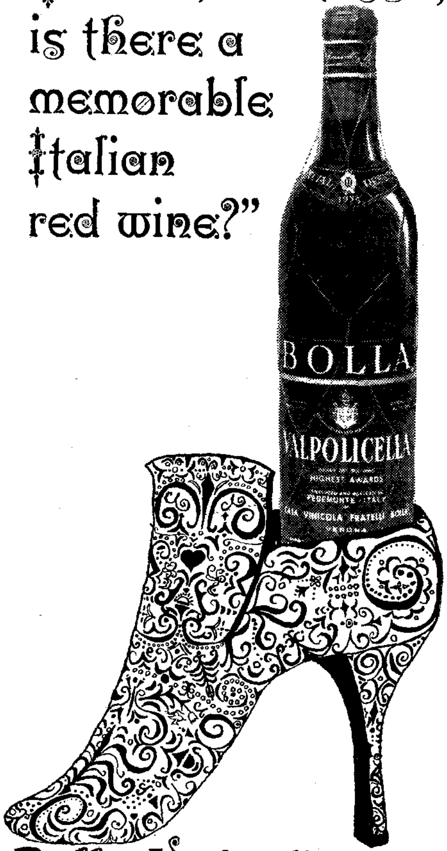
THE CONFESSOR, by Jackson Donahue (World). The crusading violence of Mr. Donahue's writing seems excessive for this inconclusive story of a handsome and sexually devastating young automobile salesman who confesses to a murder he did not commit, and is executed on his own say-so and in spite of lack of evidence against him. The scene is Texas.

### GENERAL

THE CONTRARY EXPERIENCE, by Herbert Read (Horizon). Four swatches of autobiographical writing: a memoir of the author's childhood on a Yorkshire farm; diary-letters written during the First World War, in which Read was a young infantry captain decorated for heaven knows what feats of bravery, but in which, since he was growing up to be Sir Herbert Read, the poet and critic, he mostly wanted to write about the books he'd been reading in the trenches; retrospective accounts of his intellectual development, together with some war pieces; and a new look at the old Yorkshire neighborhood, where he once again lives. Sir Herbert likes the place more than ever. He has found what he loved as a boy, and sees it better now for having seen so much he liked less. All four sections have their charm, but the last one caps them; his homecoming offers us a share in the happiness of a likable man.

COMMITMENT, by Willard Uphaus (McGraw-Hill). These memoirs of a party to a recent *cause célèbre* are offered as self-justification, but their mood is benign. In 1950, Dr. Uphaus, a layman with a doctorate in divinity who had spent most of his career as executive secretary of the Religion and Labor Foundation, set out to attend a peace conference that was to be held in England. The conference had to move to Warsaw, be-

"Tell me, Contessa, is there a memorable Italian red wine?"



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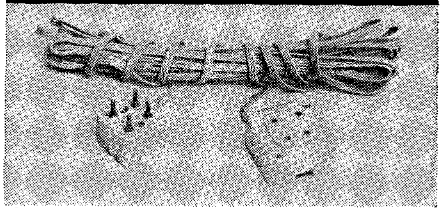

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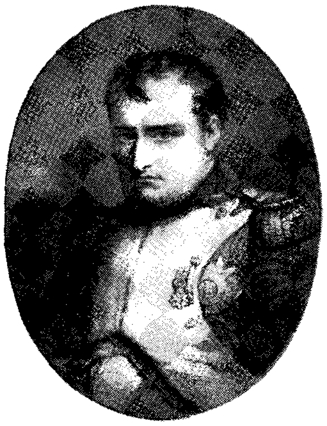

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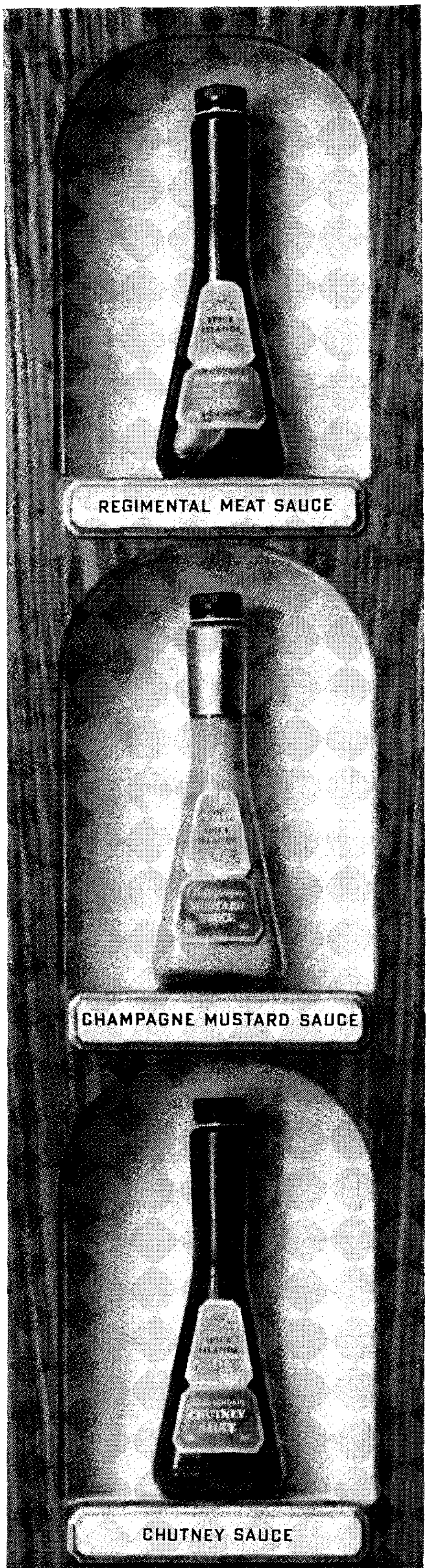
cause the English refused to allow a number of the delegates into the country, on the ground that they were Communists. In Warsaw, Dr. Uphaus's criticisms of the United States were ill-timed as well as ill-placed—he was speaking in a Soviet satellite during the Korean War. He travelled on for a quick look at the Soviet Union, and when he came home, he had to resign his job. He then worked for the American Peace Crusade until it disbanded. (The U.S. Attorney General had asked it to register as a Communist front.) Dr. Uphaus then found a place running World Fellowship—a summer camp with prayers and lectures—in New Hampshire. To Louis Wyman, the Attorney General of New Hampshire, the camp appeared to be a conceivable center of subversion, and he demanded that Uphaus give him the names of the campers. Dr. Uphaus refused, as a matter of conscience. The issue between Dr. Uphaus and Mr. Wyman doesn't look very substantial. Both men knew that, in conformity with New Hampshire law, the camp's guest register was always open to inspection by the county sheriff; Mr. Wyman should have had no trouble getting the names, and Dr. Uphaus was refusing to yield an open document. The Supreme Court twice sustained the verdict of the New Hampshire courts that Dr. Uphaus was in contempt, and he served a year in jail, which appears not to have injured his faith (he is still a convinced Christian socialist-pacifist) or his spirit (he forgives everybody). Dr. Uphaus thinks that his story is another episode in the eternal struggle of conscience vs. the state, of God vs. Caesar, but it looks more like another episode in the eternal history of man's bad judgment—an expensive collision between someone who thought that working with Communists in quasi-political groups ought not bring obloquy on a Christian and someone who thought that jailing an elderly Methodist on a legal technicality would be useful anti-Communism. Dr. Uphaus's book is indeed instructive—it teaches prudence.

THE DOUGHBOYS, by Laurence Stallings (Harper & Row). Mr. Stallings' purpose is to tell just what the men of the American Expeditionary Force did in France in 1917 and 1918, and his report is deeply moving. He writes about individual gun crews, squads, patrols, and platoons—perhaps the only way the horrors and glories of the battlefield can be made at all



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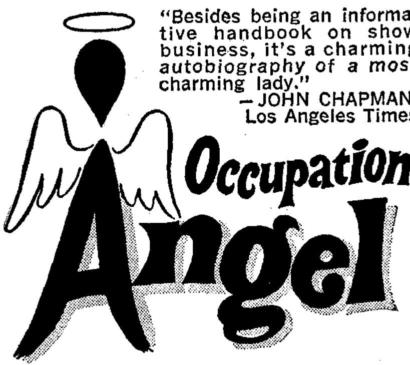

*Occupation:* **Angel**

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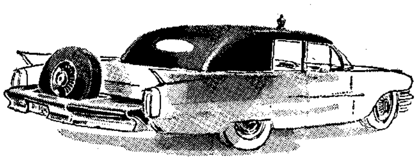
credible. As history, it's no great shakes—for one thing, Mr. Stallings says as little as he decently can about either our allies or our enemy. But as an honest, sentimental explanation of the combat of that era it puts many well-balanced histories in the shade. Photographs and maps.

THE SOCIETY I LIVE IN IS MINE, by Paul Goodman (Horizon). A collection of the author's statements—speeches, reviews, essays, letters to editors (published and unpublished)—expressing original criticisms of American society, and even more original suggestions for its improvement. These include—to mention a handful—the abolition of suburbs, schools, and advertising, and the encouragement of sex. Mr. Goodman would like to see cities divided into villagelike neighborhoods where adolescents would live in barracks and learn how to be grownups by informal apprenticeship. He is always in earnest, and is frequently—though it's probably wicked to say so—a lot funnier than he seems to realize.

THE HARPER ENCYCLOPEDIA OF SCIENCE, edited by James R. Newman (Harper & Row). An extremely ambitious and remarkably successful attempt, in four volumes, to bring together the basic facts and concepts of science and scientific history. Mr. Newman has enlisted an expert panel of scientists and scientific writers, whose interests range over the whole spectrum of science. There are brief articles on modern physics, formal logic, computers, genetics, and even science fiction. The entries vary in difficulty from straightforward biographical and historical essays to a few extremely technical abstracts that will be understandable only to a reader with considerable background. The four volumes are marvellously illustrated with numerous photographs, as well as with all kinds of charts and graphs, and there is an extensive bibliography, with suggestions for additional reading. Most of the writing is extremely clear, and it is often delightful. Mr. Newman's encyclopedia provides a splendid entrée for the layman into the strange, beautiful, and frequently disturbing world of modern science. Twenty-nine dollars and ninety-five cents.

THE ANCIENT GREEKS, by M. I. Finley (Viking). A superb popular account of ancient Greek history and culture, originally a series of talks on



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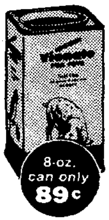

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the B.B.C. Third Programme. Professor Finley likes everything about the Greeks except their talent for political instability, their addiction to rhetoric, and laconic Sparta. His book is full of such revealing asides as that Plato mentioned five domestics in his will and Aristotle more than fourteen. Illustrated.

### VERSE

POET'S CHOICE, edited by Paul Engle and Joseph Langland (Dial). This anthology of "favorite" poems chosen by contemporary poets from their own work, with explanations of the choices, manages for several reasons to escape the artificial air that can cling to compilations of this sort—the hundred and three poets represented are, with few exceptions, interesting and talented; the range is extensive, in respect to both period and origin (British, American, Irish, and Canadian writers stand side by side); and a large majority of the contributors seem to be telling the truth. A good many detailed statements come through from fairly reticent people. William Empson and the late E. E. Cummings, John Betjeman and Robert Lowell, Marianne Moore and Philip Larkin make sense, sometimes of a superlative order, about the promptings of their particular Muse. Delightful reading.

•

Mr. Chayes contended that Presidential action in retaliation against British seizures or penalties against United States carriers would have been an "unwarranted expansion of his constitutional powers." Mr. Chayes' additional remarks were drowned out by the reaction of committee members.

This line of questioning was abandoned when attendants were unable to produce a copy of the Constitution on demand of Senator Frank J. Lausche, Democrat of Ohio.—*The Times.*

Just been misplaced, probably. It'll turn up.

•

Another bulletin which has just been received by the Extension Association Office is Outdoor Housekeeping with Sprayers and Dusters. This is one of the nicest and most complete little bulletins of this nature that we have ever seen, and while it is put out by a commercial company there is practically no commercial promotion in it of any kind other than the name of the National Sprayer and Duster Association which is not a company but an association of commercial companies.—*Maine Farmer & Homemaker.*

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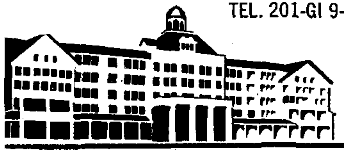

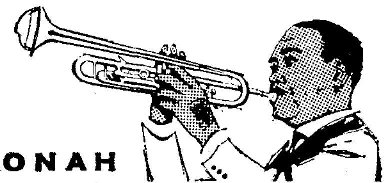

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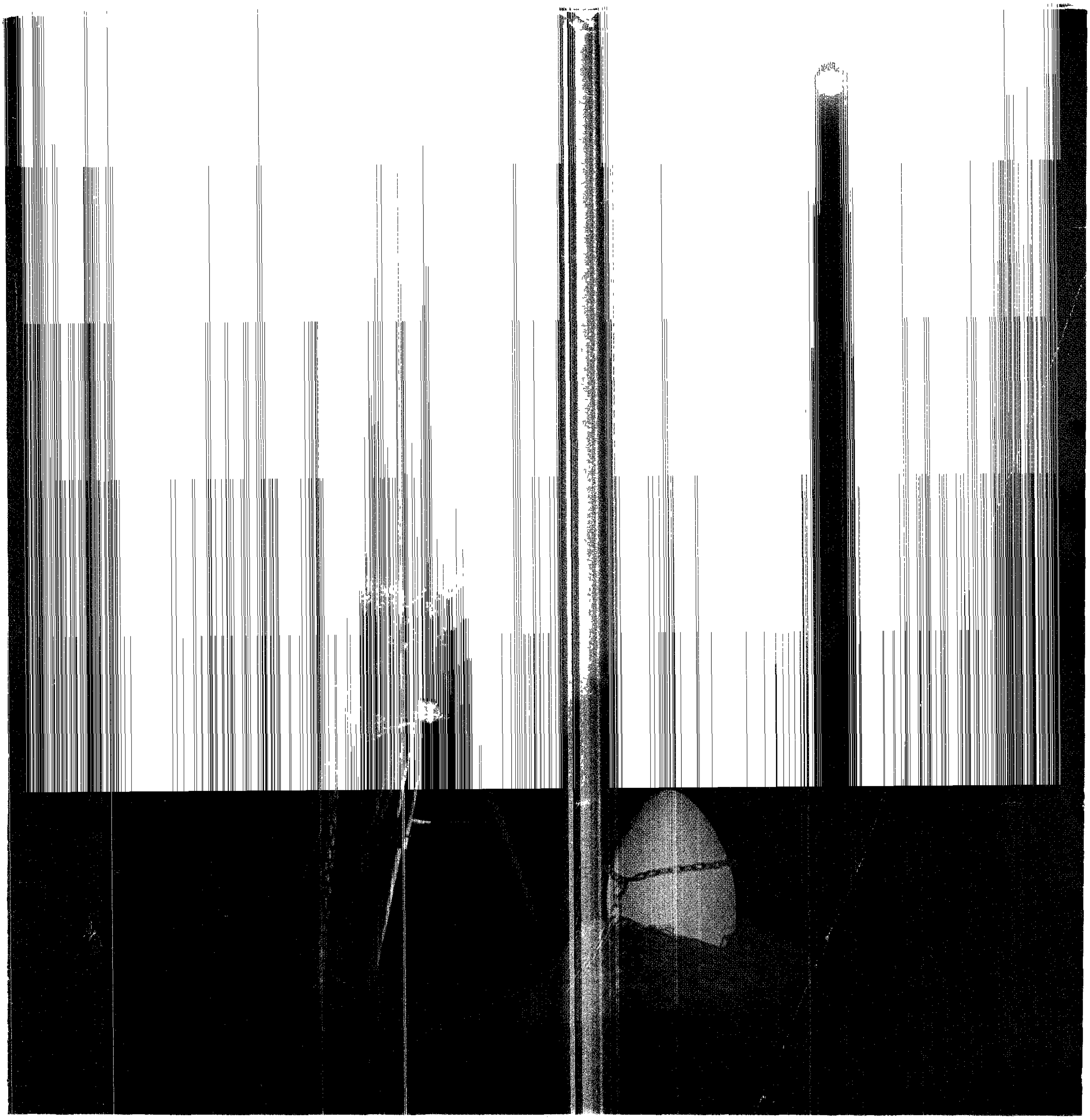

*Skywatching by moonlight—Mark Shaw photo*

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